The Outlook

March 5, 1924

France Taxing Herself

IN taking up an undeserved burden of taxation, France has justified the hope of her friends.

As we write the tax measure proposed by the Poincaré Government has not finally been made into law, but it has been adopted by the Chamber of Deputies, which was the real field of battle.

Demagogues there, as in this country, tried to convince the mass of the people that they could escape taxation by some adroit measure which would put the burden on the rich or on somebody else; but the demagogues were beaten and Poincaré has won.

The situation in France has been created by Germany's evasion. If the Germans had paid what they owed and what they could have paid and had done it promptly, there would have been no deficit in the French Budget; but Germany, egged on by so-called liberals in other countries, including our own, stupidly pursued a policy of evasion which has meant misery for her own people. As a consequence the French Government has spent enormous sums in repairing the damage which Germany deliberately wrought in France. In doing this the French Government has been undoubtedly the victim in some instances of excessive claims and fraud; but on the whole it has supported honest restoration, following a programme which put the comfort of the inhabitants in the background and the building up of the means of production on farms and factories first. Since Germany has not paid the cost of this, the French Government has had to borrow the money, and in the process has depreciated its own currency and has been unable to pay its war debts. Now Poincaré has said that the French taxpayers must bear this burden and thereby save French currency and put France in a position of meeting her obligations, whether Germany meets hers or not.

It is this policy in which the French Government has been sustained.

"Certainly I Said It"

PUBLIC opinion in France must undoubtedly have been encouraged to support the Poincaré Government by its hope for the results of the investigation of the experts, and in particular by the so-called Dawes Committee. During the battle in the Chamber of Deputies a Deputy named Blum condemned the Poincaré plan as a confession of the failure of the occupation of the Ruhr. Immediately Poincaré was on his feet and quoted a member of the Committee as saying: "We would not be as far forward as we are now if you were not in the Ruhr."

When Dawes was asked if it was he who said what Poincaré quoted, he replied: "Certainly I said it. I repeat it. If the French were not in the Ruhr we experts would not be here." He explained that it was only because the French were in the Ruhr that the Germans have begun to realize that they must pay and that the French themselves are in a mood to consider measures necessary to a settlement. The "Temps" attributes a similar remark to Reginald McKenna, chairman of the other committee of experts, and takes satisfaction in "the testimonials of the presidents of both committees of experts, showing that they are agreed on the good results of the Ruhr occupation."

(C) Underwood

Representative John M. Garner, of Texas, author of the Garner tax reduction plan

The Attempt to Tax the Rich

THE Democratic or Garner plan of income-tax reduction has won in every skirmish thus far, and the Administration or Mellon plan has lost on every point.

The first week of active consideration of the bill on the floor of the House of Representatives opened with an appeal to the insurgent Republicans from President Coolidge, delivered by his private secretary, to stand as a unit against the Democratic plan. The plea failed. Efforts to bring about a compromise between regular and insurgent Republicans also failed after apparent likelihood of success. Longworth, acting for the regular Republicans, offered a surtax rate of 37½ per cent. The insurgents had announced that they would accept a surtax rate of 40 per cent, which is 4 per cent lower than that of the Garner plan. The regular Republicans were thus yielding 12½ per cent from their original proposal and the insurgents 10 per cent from theirs. It appeared not at all impossible to bridge the remaining gap of 2½ per cent. The insurmountable difficulty came, however, over normal rates. The insurgents would accept nothing less than a 50 per cent cut in the Mellon plan rate on what they call "small incomes." Mr. Longworth was authorized to offer nothing more than a 25 per cent cut. Thus ended the effort at compromise, and the insurgents took their places with the Democrats.

The Garner rates won. The Frear or Progressive rates were defeated and the Longworth compromise rates were not actually offered on the floor. The Garner plan provides for a surtax of 44 per cent on incomes in excess of $92,000 and normal tax rates of 2 per cent on incomes under $5,000, 4 per cent on incomes between $5,000 and $8,000 and 6 per cent on incomes above $8,000. It provides also for increase of exemption for single persons from $1,000 to $2,000 and for heads of families from $2,500 to $3,000.

A day later the coalition scored again

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by adding an amendment to the bill subjecting stock dividends to regular income-tax rates instead of the capital asset tax of 12½ per cent.

The next battle came over a proposal to tax undistributed profits of corporations, and here came the first suggestion of a break between Democrats and insurgents. The amendment was offered by Mr. Frear, leader of the insurgent group in the tax fight. It was ruled out of order by Mr. Graham, who presided as chairman of the committee of the whole house. The Democrats voted with the insurgents to overrule the decision of the chair, but refused to support the amendment, Mr. Garner telling his followers that such an amendment would give the President cause for rejecting the bill on business grounds, which, he said, must be avoided at any cost.

Thus it becomes fairly clear that the coalition is effective only so long as it stands by the Democratic plan. The Democrats, apparently, are not prepared to offer any material concessions to the insurgents to retain their support.

In the absence of any manifestation of reciprocity, will the insurgents continue unfailing in their support of the Garner plan? On the answer to that question rests the hope of regular Republican leaders for the final success of the Longworth compromise plan.

Will the Garner Bill Endure a Roll-Call?

Consideration of the tax bill as here described has been in committee of the whole house, a parliamentary distinction by which preliminary consideration is given revenue and other money bills.

The committee of the whole is, in fact, the entire membership of the house, the Speaker, however, occupying his seat on the floor and a special chairman of the committee of the whole presiding. When preliminary consideration is completed, the committee of the whole will, in Congressional terminology, "rise." The Speaker will resume the chair and the chairman of the committee of the whole, in this case Mr. Graham, of Illinois, will report favorably whatever bill has been agreed upon—in this case the Garner Bill. The bill will then be, in the phraseology of Congress, "on its passage." Debate can be resumed, amendments offered, and a roll-call vote may be demanded if the division appears to be close. On some material amendment or on the bill as a whole a record vote undoubtedly will be obtained.

Regular leaders believe that before this point is reached many of the insurgents will have broken away from their newly made alliance with the Democrats. Three forces, they believe, will operate to bring this about—the failure of the Democrats to support measures which the insurgents particularly desire, the pressure of Republican constituencies for the passage of a law having the stamp of Republican approval, and the fact that the rates as finally offered under the Longworth plan are very close to what the insurgents were willing to accept.

Alien Protests

Protests against the Johnson Immigration Bill have been largely not in the interest of America, but in the interest of alien groups. Most of them come from voters who think, not simply as Americans, but as Italian-Americans, or Jewish-Americans, or some other kind of Americans. The force of their arguments lies in the fact that these alien-minded voters can, and even do, vote in more or less solid blocks.

These protests are bound to arouse counter-protests from those who, like the Ku Klux Klansmen, distrust all the foreign-born.

The root of the evil, whether it is the evil of prejudice on behalf of alien interests or the evil of prejudice against all aliens, lies in the basis of the present Immigration Law, and likewise of the Johnson Bill, which is the mathematical quota system.

If we treat immigration as a matter of nationality and not of individual worth, we are bound to have prejudice on both sides.

Such prejudice is not allayed by the sort of protest that came recently from the Rumanian Legation. In this protest it was said that the bill would wound the pride of the Rumanian people and "have a detrimental effect on the chances of Rumania to speedily attain its goal" of economic recuperation.

Mr. Johnson, the Chairman of the Committee, resented such "impudent protests" from foreign governments which wish "to recuperate at the expense of the American people."

Meantime the quota law itself is not working flawlessly. In the New York "Herald" of February 23 it is reported that recent court decisions extending the application of exemptions have started a new immigration rush. Among these decisions was one liberally interpreting provisions of the law which admit immigrants returning from a "visit" abroad. Thousands of aliens in consequence have sailed for their old homes, stayed a little while, collected wives and children, or in some cases obtained wives while abroad, and, coming back, have been admitted even though the quotas from their countries are exhausted. The steamship companies have discovered the loophole provided by the courts and, as the "Herald" account says, have capitalized their discovery.

There is no time for the framing of a passage in this Congress of a proper immigration bill along the lines of the Canadian practice, which is based on individual worth and the needs of the country. Since that is so, the Johnson Bill is probably the best that we can expect. Public sentiment is strongly behind further immigration restriction. If this country is to be kept the sort of country that has made the immigrant eager for the benefit of its institutions, it must stop now the tendency to turn the country into what Roosevelt described as a "polyglot boarding-house."

Hand-Outs

Some of those who participated in leasing of naval oil reserves are seeking channels other than those of the investigating committee for presenting their side of the case to the public. The form of statement which has come to be known among Washington correspondents as a "hand-out" is apparently one of the principal means employed. It does not appear on the surface who is responsible for these statements. They are delivered to the "hand-out" table at the National Press Club, to the offices of correspondents, and to other places where correspondents go for news. They bear the name of an individual not involved in the revelations of the committee. They suggest lines of thought favorable to the oil interests involved. This, by way of illustration:

> Did it occur to you when Oscar Sutro, general counsel for the Standard Oil Company, testified that he had rendered a legal opinion that the Government had no right to lease its oil lands within the naval reserves that such was not an unnatural opinion for Mr. Sutro to entertain, in view of the fact that immediately outside Naval Reserve No. 1 the Standard Oil Company had ten wells yielding an average of 3,200 barrels of oil per day each? Also, that as soon as the contract (or lease) for offset wells within the naval reserve was awarded the Standard put down ten more wells which came in with an

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My joy, my food, my all

(King John, Act III, Scene 4)

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

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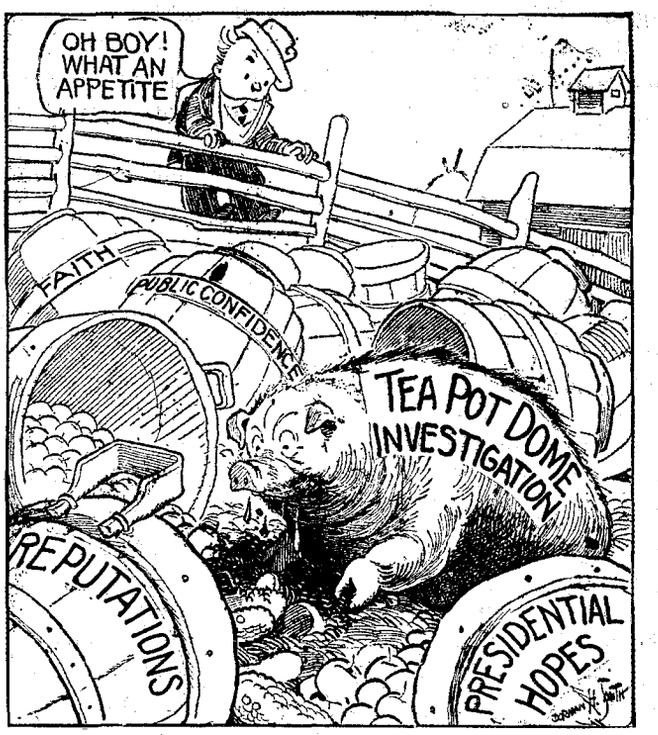
The Anxious Waiter

From John T. Lee, Chicago, Ill.

Dorman H. Smith in the Oneonta (N. Y.) Star



The Gormand

From John Hume, Oneonta, N. Y.

Temple in the New Orleans Times-Picayune

SHUCKS! LET'S PUT 'EM BOTH IN THE BIG POT. WE'LL NEVER COOK ANYTHING FOOLING ROUND LIKE THIS!
GOP TAX STEW
DEM TAX STEW
NONPARTISAN POT

Too Many Pots Spoil the Stew!

From Mrs. E. L. Murrah, Covington, La.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

"Hey, Back on Your Job!"

From Anna S. Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

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average of 2,500 barrels per day each? The Navy's first ten wells inside the line came in with an average yield of only 250 barrels. Judging by their questions, this point never occurred to the members of the committee.

Another of the "hand-outs" is in the nature of an interview with Edward L. Doheny in which he makes statements at variance with those of the committee as to the percentage of extracted oil that is turned over to the Government as royalty from the naval reserve wells.

Considering the fact that the proceedings of the committee find place every day on the first pages of the country's newspapers and that practically every man involved has had the opportunity of telling his story under oath, it would seem that sufficient publicity is given the matter without resort to the "hand-out."

The "hand-out" practice in Washington originated with the Government departments. It has greatly lessened the "leg work" of correspondents, and has probably resulted, generally, in a more accurate statement of facts concerning routine matters. The "hand-out" as Washington newspaper men know it, however, is clearly departing from its original purpose.

Will the Senate, before the show is over, be investigating the "hand-out"?

The Vicissitudes of Bootleggers

Attorney-General Daugherty has submitted to the President a report of the Department's activities in connection with prohibition enforcement during the four years since the National Prohibition Act became law. There will be, of course, no popular agreement as to the significance of the facts shown by the report. Each individual will see them in the light of his own bias. None the less, many of them are interesting facts, and may be pointed out as such without argument as to what they mean.

The number of prohibition violators brought into court has increased both steadily and rapidly. The number of cases commenced run for the four years as follows: 1920—7,291; 1921—29,114; 1922—34,984; 1923—49,021. Is the number of violators so greatly increasing or are the courts and law officers now much more vigilant than at the outset? The case will be argued both ways. And, conceivably, both contentions may be true.

Whatever the point of view, the number of cases begun in 1923 must be looked upon as almost staggering. If the number of persons indicted more than once in the same year is about offset, as it doubtless is, by the number of conspiracy indictments involving several persons, one "bootlegger" for each 2,000 persons in the United States has been brought into court. There are unquestionably some "bootleggers," perhaps a great many, who have not been brought into court. There are those who will argue—and even some enforcement agents who will not deny—that more than half the bootleggers have not been apprehended. If that is true or anything like true, the number of "bootleggers" per 1,000 of population compares with the number of doctors, or even of such familiar tradesmen as druggists and grocers.

Many interesting sectional studies are shown. In Kentucky there are two judicial districts. The western district comprises the great licensed distillery area of other days. The eastern district rims the mountains, where the old-time "moonshiner" or illicit distiller used to run rampant. During the past six months the western district has secured only 178 convictions and has imposed not a single jail sentence. The eastern district during the same time secured 623 convictions and imposed jail sentences exceeding sixty-five years.

Though the Attorney-General does not point out the whisky antecedents of these districts, they may be significant. The Outlook not long ago printed an article written by a former moonshiner of the mountains, who said that the mountain men who as a class opposed the former system of taxing the man who made liquor from his corn are, as a class, friendly to prohibition and regard it as the correct principle. Our contributor, at least, will believe that his argument is borne out by the Attorney-General's facts.

Prohibition Enforcement in Chicago

Champions of prohibition say laws against the sale of liquor are better enforced in Chicago than in any other large city in the country. This statement could not have been made truthfully six months ago. Prior to that time the city was one of the "wettest." Credit for the improvement is given primarily to Mayor Dever, with United States District Attorney Edwin A. Olson ranking next.

William E. Dever was elected Mayor of Chicago in April, 1923. Before his election Mr. Dever was classed as a "wet." He still is regarded as an opponent of the Volstead Act. But he is highly praised now by the advocates of "law enforcement." The "wetness" that prevailed prior to the election of Mayor Dever continued until August of last year. In that month District Attorney Olson, in an address before the Better Government Association, said that laws against the sale of liquor could not be enforced in Chicago without a radical change in attitude on the part of the police. Almost immediately thereafter several beer runners said to enjoy police protection were murdered by rivals in the business who wanted a share of the profits of illegal traffic in liquor. Thereupon Mayor Dever issued orders to his Superintendent of Police to enter upon a real crusade against the sale of liquor, which has been continued to the present time.

Mayor Dever's chief weapon was the revocation of licenses of persons found guilty of selling liquor. Licenses are required in Chicago for the carrying on of many lines of business, notably soft-drink places. Few attempts have been made by the city government to conduct prosecutions before juries.

United States District Attorney Olson's office has prosecuted cases in the Federal courts, some of them before juries. He has been especially active in securing results through injunction proceedings.

Neither the Sheriff nor the State's Attorney of Cook County has been effective in enforcing the Prohibition Law. Dry leaders say that the illegal sale of liquor is carried on much more flagrantly in the part of Cook County outside of Chicago than within the city limits. The several hundred suits started by the Attorney-General of the State a few years ago have not for the most part been pushed to final conclusion since Governor Small's veto of a large part of the appropriation for the Attorney-General's office.

On January 4 several city policemen were acquitted by a jury in the Federal court of the charge of having robbed a motor truck of whisky. Judge Adam Cliffe, who was presiding at the trial, expressed astonishment at the verdict. He instituted inquiries, as a result of which the policemen involved were accused of jury bribing, and on February 15 two of them were found guilty on that charge by a jury.

Much comment was caused by discovery of the fact that a saloon-keeper

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named Philip Grossman, when pardoned by President Coolidge on the assumption that he was serving a term in jail for violation of liquor laws, was not in jail and never had been, though an order for his commitment had been issued.

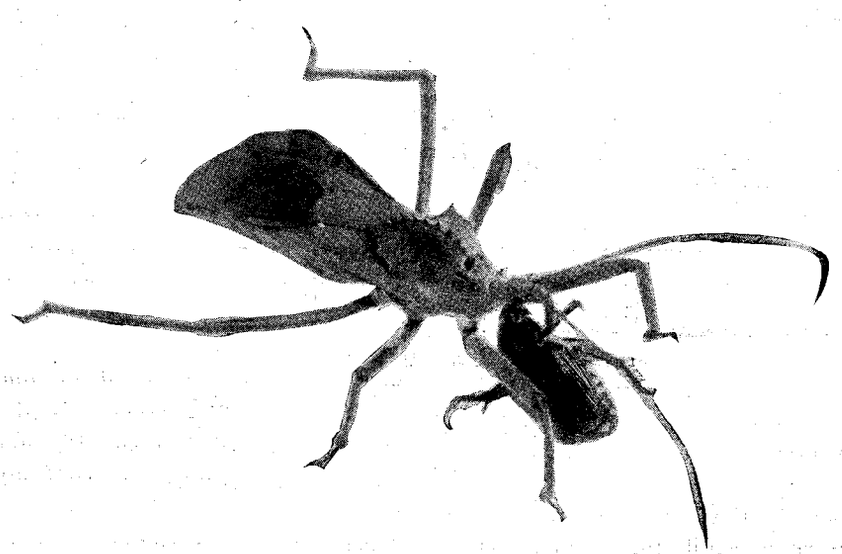
It is the large cities in which the question of prohibition enforcement is most acute. There are those who question whether the Mayor of any large city who pursues the policy of prohibition can be re-elected. In view of that fact, the course of Mayor Dever with respect to law enforcement in Chicago is deserving of the high commendation which it has received.

A War that Never Ends

A NEW war is about to begin on the Japanese beetle. It was told in The Outlook of April 4, 1923, how, starting in a small nursery in Burlington County, New Jersey, the Japanese beetle has spread so quickly and so widely that it has become a pest of the most serious nature. During 1922 alone its area spread from 270 to 700 square miles.

This insect is probably the worst menace of the kind, for it attacks all vegetables, grains, and fruits, while other pests usually confine themselves to one article of diet. To-day it threatens the crops of Pennsylvania, Delaware, and New Jersey. In a year or two it may be a National menace of the first order.

That is the reason why the Agricultural Appropriations Bill, reported to the House on February 22, provides $237,500 to be used in exterminating the Japanese beetle. It is probable that some of this amount will be used in poisoning the insect, but most of it will be spent in developing in the United States the same enemies that keep it in subjection in Japan. It has been found already which of these insect enemies thrive in our climate. It remains to import and to breed these in sufficient quantities to check the spread of the beetle, if not to destroy it outright. We have learned through bitter experience what it means to let a pest of this kind develop too far. A few hundred thousands spent in the beginning may well save scores of millions in the future.



U. S. Department of Agriculture

A native predaceous insect attacking the Japanese beetle

From "The Bear Cubs and the Phonograph: A Christmas Fantasy," by Frederick S. Church, published in The Outlook for December 17, 1919

"Five big white bears—you ought to have seen them dance"

A Master of Fancy

THE line between fancy and imagination is a difficult one to define. Much of the work of F. S. Church, who died on February 18, belonged in the realms of whimsical, delightful, and delicate humor. In some of his work, however, he displayed a creative imagination of high order. As a technician he did not rank with the best that America has produced, but American art is the richer for the work of an artist who could conceive and execute so perfect a thing of its kind as his "Pandora's Box," or who could call forth so triumphant a piece of poetic imagining as his "Mists of Stonehenge." Any one who has seen the sweeping hosts of ancient Britons gleaming through the rolling fog clouds above those silent and immemorial megaliths will not soon forget the power of Mr. Church's vision.

In the art of letter writing, and the art is one not to be dismissed as trivial, F. S. Church excelled. A note from him was a thing to be treasured for its felicity of phrase and its inevitable sketches. Seldom, if ever, did he write a letter without marginal notes of birds and beasts such as only he could draw. The dancing bears that decorate this page, reprinted here from an article which he wrote for The Outlook a few years ago, are of the kind which his correspondents looked for expectantly whenever an envelope with his handwriting appeared in the mail.

F. S. Church was a veteran of the Civil War. He enlisted in the Union Army when he was but seventeen years old. His early training was secured at the Chicago Academy of Design and at the National Academy of Art in New York City.

Reasonable Examinations

IT was recently thought worthy of considerable press notice that a class of Harvard students appeared for an examination—a college examination—with a large assortment of books under their arms. Professor Lowes, whose pupils they were, explained, according to report, that the innovation was intended to test the students' critical ability and their acuteness in searching out and applying information.

Is it possible? Here is a class examined in capacities of various kinds, and not merely in an ability to memorize, which is about all that is required by most school examinations.

Examinations in the colleges, however,

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are not the worst. The real damage is done by the entrance examinations, which call for little but a half-digested mass of memorized facts, learned in the hope of answering questions, which too often show little but an obvious effort to avoid questions asked in previous examinations.

True enough, there has been some improvement even here. Often a school record is accepted instead of an examination, and sometimes a thorough intelligence test is given. Nevertheless few preparatory schools really dare to educate their pupils. All available time is required preparing them to pass the college examinations—which is a very different thing.

With Professor Lowes rationalizing examinations within the college itself, perhaps reasonableness may some day be extended downward to the unfortunate juvenile.

And Now for the Palefaces!

A LITTLE while ago, you may remember, there was a very emphatic protest addressed to the Secretary of the Interior against some of the dances of such of our Indian tribes as still cling to their tribal customs and traditions. It was claimed that these dances are often degrading and indecent and that they do much to keep on a low plane the morals of the people concerned.

Heated criticism arose at once. It was declared that it was none of our business if the Indians wanted to dance, and if it seemed ridiculous to us to say that some of these dances are religious in character, it was pointed out that an Episcopal church startled even the highly sophisticated city of New York by staging various dances as a form of religious ritual.

Again, it was argued that the Government should not endeavor to destroy the natural manners and customs of such native Americans as have not yet been thrilled at the idea of adopting the felicities of our kind of civilization.

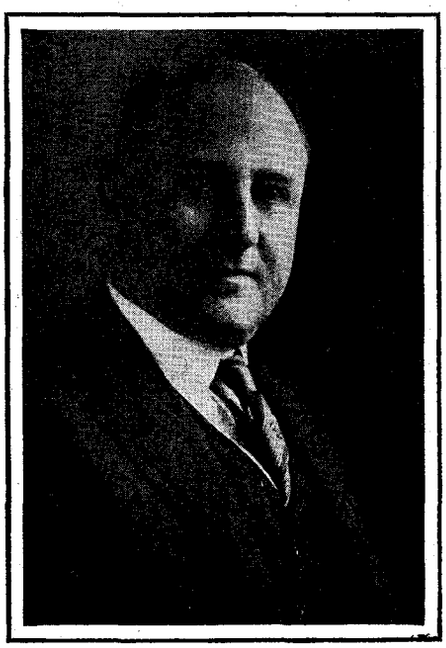
Finally, Secretary Work has made his decision. This was specifically in answer to a petition of the San Ildefonso Pueblo requesting that its members be permitted to continue their ceremonial dances. In reply Secretary Work said: "Nothing is further from the thoughts of those who are the guardians of the Indians than to interfere with any dance that has a religious significance, or those given for pleasure or entertainment which are not degrading."

And so, as is quite proper, the Indians may continue various dances—such at least as are not labeled "degrading."

Would it be disconcerting if a committee of respectable aborigines requested an application of the same ruling to the stages and dance floors of the much more cultured and supposedly better-behaved palefaces?

Mr. Daugherty Out of Place

WHEN Harry M. Daugherty was chosen by Mr. Harding as his Attorney-General, there was much adverse criticism. Outside of a small circle of politicians, there



(C) Harris & Ewing
Harry M. Daugherty

was no expectation that Mr. Daugherty would make a satisfactory head for the Department of Justice. When, therefore, Mr. Daugherty took office, he had yet to win public confidence. He has not won it. On the contrary, he has incurred increasing distrust and hostility.

At first the country was disposed to wait and see whether he had not been misjudged, and whether, after all, an appointment which seemed to be the payment of a private political debt might not turn out to be a public benefit. That Mr. Daugherty was selected because he was the best available lawyer for the position to be found in the whole country was never believed by any one. He was chosen because he was a friend of Mr. Harding and had rendered him important political service. As long as Mr. Harding lived it seemed unlikely, in view of political customs in this country, that there would be any change in the Attorney-Generalship except as Mr. Daugherty's own interests might dictate such change.

In May, 1922, it transpired that Mr. Daugherty had sold his political influence with ex-President Taft to secure the release of the convicted criminal Charles W. Morse. Mr. Daugherty's defense of his act was that all that he had received "from anybody in connection with the Morse case, both civil and criminal, was about $4,000." The facts at that time brought out about Mr. Daugherty certainly did not increase public confidence in his ability to conduct his high office.

Events since then have tended to justify the public distrust. Cases which he has instituted and prosecuted have been thrown out of court as without justification. The case against the Chemical Foundation was obviously actuated by a desire to discredit the Wilson Administration, as was the case against Benedict Crowell, Mr. Wilson's Assistant Secretary of War. In each of these cases the opinion of the bench amounted to a humiliating rebuke to the Attorney-General.

At the same time under Mr. Daugherty the Department of Justice has failed to proceed in cases which, in the public mind at least, have called for prosecution. The Federal Trade Commission has presented much evidence on which the Department has taken no action in the courts. The investigation of the Veterans' Bureau which revealed scandals has not stirred the Department to any visible public action. These instances do not prove of themselves maladministration; but they have occasioned in the public mind increasing distrust.

If Mr. Daugherty had been well advised, he would have quietly withdrawn from office soon after Mr. Harding's death. He was a personal appointee of the late President, and he could easily have retired on the ground that the personal loyalty to Mr. Harding which kept him in office would, upon Mr. Harding's death, justify his resignation.

Since that was perhaps too much to expect from a man whose sense of delicacy might be measured by his own defense of the action in the Morse case, President Coolidge would have been justified in seeing that intimation was made to Mr. Daugherty that his resignation would be acceptable. But Mr. Daugherty did not resign either voluntarily or involuntarily, and then came the Teapot Dome revelations.

To what extent, if at all, Mr. Daugherty has been connected with the oil leases is not yet clear. Now, however,

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that he and his office have been under attack, Mr. Daugherty is entitled to be heard in his own defense. In insisting that Mr. Daugherty shall exercise the right of defending himself President Coolidge is acting justly and bravely. Ample justification though there is for the resignation of a man in whom the country lacks confidence, there is no justification for insisting upon the removal of such a man from office when explicit charges have been made which have not yet been proved. The country, we think, has rightly distinguished between the situation as it was before those charges were made and the situation after them. As Senator Borah pointed out, so long as Congress does not act in accordance with the Constitutional procedure provided for impeachment and trial, the responsibility for retaining Mr. Daugherty, or any other member of the Cabinet, rests upon the President. And the President accepts the burden of that responsibility.

There is only one man that can relieve him of that responsibility in this case—and that is Mr. Daugherty.

Naturally, Mr. Daugherty does not wish to resign in any way that will be understood as an acknowledgment of the charges against him. He has been under investigation before, and nothing has been revealed which would warrant impeachment. Naturally, under these new and renewed charges Mr. Daugherty desires vindication. If there is to be a sacrifice of his right to a chance for vindication, it is evident that he must make it himself.

Jazz

YOU can scarcely listen in on the radio, especially in the evening, without hearing jazz.

This has been called a Jazz Age, and the United States a Jazz Country.

In a book containing much excellent counsel and bearing the title "The Challenge of Youth," Dr. Alfred E. Stearns, Principal of Phillips Andover Academy, describes what many people would recognize as the jazz spirit and attributes to it some of the moral perplexities of the times. That is from the heart of Protestant and Puritan New England. From a source at the other extreme of Christendom comes a similar protest. Indorsing the position of the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, the "Osservatore Romano," organ of the Vatican, according to a despatch from Rome, describes jazz as a new industry of the feet, performed by

The Vincent Lopez Band

the stimulus of distorted, panting notes of orchestras, and then denounces this modern dance form as one of the causes of flagrant immorality.

If such excesses as these observers, both Protestant and Catholic, condemn belong to the jazz spirit, it would seem to be as hopeless to intercede for the America of 1924 as it was for Abraham to intercede for Sodom.

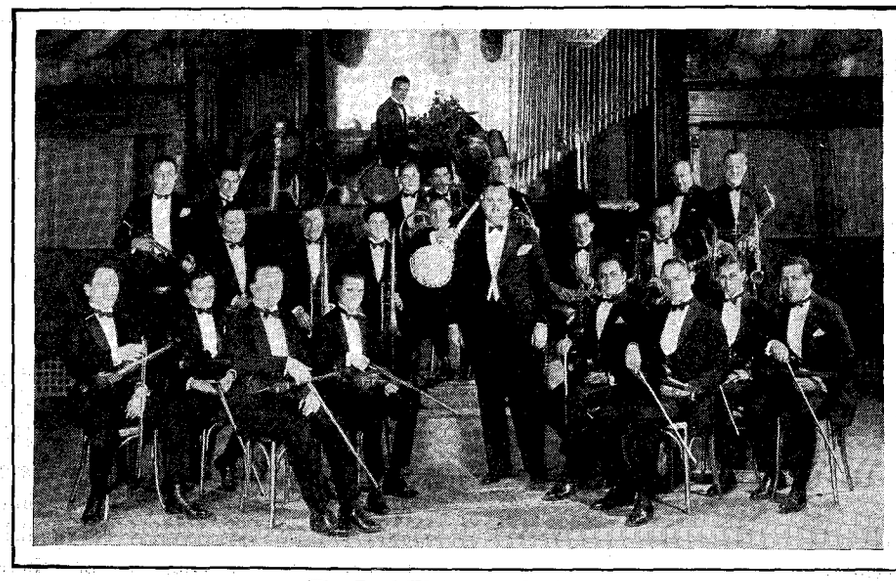
And, as if that were not bad enough, musicians of good judgment and learning hold jazz responsible for what they believe to be a degraded popular taste. In some periods when moral ties have seemed to be loosened there has been a high standard of art; but, if we are to believe some of our judges, the art of this Jazz Country in this Jazz Age is as hopeless as its morals.

And yet, probably while this is read, people who are both morally responsible and cultivated are sitting in the quiet of their homes, with ear-pieces on their heads, listening to jazz and enjoying it. No one can persuade us that these members of the radio audience are secretly indulging in vice or letting their taste become corrupted. On the contrary, these souls are finding in this jazz a refuge from the very pessimism and despondency that characterize its critics.

However it may be defined, jazz is the product of a buoyant spirit. It is exuberant America expressing itself in sound. It is the music that one must expect from a country that loves baseball and builds sky-scrapers. It is the folk music of America.

All about us we are hearing voices predicting calamity. Europe, we are told, is sliding down to ruin; nations hate one another with a new hatred; old ideals have vanished like a dream; and now America, once the hope of the world, is mired in oily corruption.

Against this pessimism the spirit of America revolts. It refuses to believe these Jeremiahs. It will not, at their bidding, let go all the joy of life. America is nothing if not hopeful. And America was never more hopeful than it is now. And its spirit of hopefulness is infectious. For the most part the peo-



The Paul Whiteman Orchestra

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ple who write and orate are not expressing the real spirit of America to-day. Since that is so, this spirit has got to find some other means of expressing itself, and it has found its way as the spirit of other countries has found a way—through music and the dance. This is because, as Camille Bellaigue has said (in his "Musical Studies and Silhouettes"), "Music is the only art in which the impersonal genius and the anonymous soul of the crowd participates." Jazz is America's way of saying to the world that we are not going to the dogs. And America's message has gone to Europe. If jazz sounds unwholesome in Europe, it is because it is not as honestly exuberant there as it is in America. Here at least people are not in the mood for the romantic in music or for the purely sentimental. They want music of vigor and rhythmic life.

But, it is said, the origin of jazz is enough to condemn it. According to common belief among musicians, jazz originated in the low dance-halls along the Mississippi. Some say that it is the Negro's reminiscence of his African tom-toms. According to one story, it was an illiterate Negro in a dance-hall who coined the word; for when he was asked, "What is that you are playing?" he replied, deprecatingly, "Oh, it's jes' jazz." Suppose we admit that jazz may have had a very lowly origin indeed; that does not change the fact that to-day it is the National music of America. It is the music the American crowds want. It is the music that American crowds whistle and sing. It is the music that Americans of the crowd naturally create. It is the music which for the first time has seized hold of the great mass of American young men as something more than a mere feminine or effeminate accomplishment. Even if its origin is evil—and that we do not admit until it has been proved—jazz moves to-day in all circles of American life.

If its origin is questionable, it is not the first time that a musical form of universal appeal is reputed to have come from the depths. W. Barclay Squire in his article on the waltz in Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" says of the early dances to which the origin of the waltz is ascribed that "the indecency of the performance seems to have been a characteristic feature." Even if this origin is denied, as he denies it, the waltz itself in 1785 was forbidden in Austria-Hungary by an Imperial edict. And yet those who think that the taste of to-day is degraded by jazz include in classical music the waltzes of Schubert, Chopin, and Brahms.

The fact is that all music is founded on the people. It is out of the material furnished by the people's common songs and dances that the great musical monuments have been built. The trouble with music in America to-day is chiefly that those who are musically educated have been educated away from the music of the American people. So-called musical America is really not American. It is composed of musical ideas imported from abroad. At least the cultivated musicians in America have been a little too proud to mingle with the sweaty multitude until lately. Not long ago, however, the League of Composers devoted an afternoon to a discussion of jazz. In the audience were some of the most distinguished and cultivated musicians in New York. An address was made by Professor Edward Burlingame Hill, of Harvard, one of the most gifted of American composers, who frankly acknowledged his liking for jazz as a relief from the more serious aspects of the art. Mr. Gilbert Seldes, formerly managing editor of the very highbrow "Dial," made remarks which were highly appreciative of jazz. And Vincent Lopez, the well-known jazz conductor, not only read a paper, but, with the help of his orchestra, gave to his audience certain samples of jazz for them to discuss. A few days later Paul Whiteman and his orchestra gave a concert mainly, if not wholly, of jazz at Æolian Hall to an audience which had bought out the seats four days in advance of the performance; and his concert was treated seriously by New York musical critics.

So far we have given no definition of jazz. We have discussed it without defining it. If any of our readers would like to venture a definition, we should be very glad to receive it.

Pasteur, the Modernist

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE conflict between the traditionalist (or, to use the jargon of the day, the fundamentalist) and the modernist is not a new thing, nor is it confined to theology. It is as old as recorded literature, and is found in the domains of law, art, poetry, music, history, pedagogy, and science. The modernist believes in life, in progress, in spiritual and intellectual evolution, rather than in tradition and dogma; in the republic of reason rather than the despotism of creeds. He refuses to live in the past, although he gladly gets light from the past to illumine and make clearer the path towards the future.

One of the most beautiful exemplifications of the spirit of the sincere and devout modernist is found in the life of Louis Pasteur, the great French biological chemist whose Life[1] by his son-in-law, René Vallery-Radot, I have just been re-reading. It seems almost incredible that one brain and soul should have been able to accomplish so much in the short span of fifty years for the intellectual and physical welfare and advancement of mankind. Brain and soul! Perhaps some ultra-modern physiological psychologists may object to a differentiation of the two. What we call soul, they may say, is simply a chemical product of the brain. Huxley knew he had a brain, but in a letter to a friend he once said that he was doubtful whether he had a soul. It all depends, perhaps, like so many other controversies in the realm of thought, upon a definition. I should describe a man's soul as the sum of his ideals and aspirations. It is, at all events, a description which fits Pasteur's case. He was a man of singularly beautiful ideals and high aspirations which won the admiration of all who came in contact with him. But he did not let his hopes interfere with the integrity of his mind. When his brain proved that his ideals were sound and that his aspirations were realizable, he was overjoyed. In few thinkers of history has the two-sided nature of man, brain and soul, mind and spirit, been so distinguishable.

I am not sure, too, but that Pasteur's spiritual achievements were as important as his scientific discoveries. At all events, one cannot read his life without feeling, as one feels in reading the life of his distinguished fellow-countryman Fabre, the beauty of the qualities of simplicity, sincerity, patience, determination, devotion to truth, and faith in a mysterious but divine purpose in the universe.

Pasteur's parents were simple people, socially speaking, but they had quality.

[1] The Life of Louis Pasteur. By R. Vallery-Radot. Centennial Edition. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

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His father was a tanner by trade and became a sergeant-major in one of the Napoleonic regiments of 1814. His mother's family were gardeners. The Napoleonic soldier, having returned to his tannery at twenty-five years of age, after the fall of Napoleon, "used to watch a young girl working in the garden at early dawn." He fell in love with her, married her, and their third child, Louis Pasteur, was born on December 27, 1822, in the town of Dôle, in southeastern France near the Jura Mountains. The extraordinary comprehensiveness of Pasteur's intelligence is indicated by the fact that when he was thirteen years old everybody thought he was going to be an artist, and there is, I believe, still extant a pastel portrait by him of his mother, made "one morning when she was going to market, with a white cap and a blue and green tartan shawl." Both he, however, and his father and mother were anxious that he should have the best kind of education, and their goal was the great École Normale at Paris. Having achieved this goal, his mind was turned towards chemistry, in which study he showed a special aptitude. While he was a student his father followed his work with affection and interest, and the boy became the father's preceptor:

> Between that corner in the Jura and the École Normale there was a continual exchange of thoughts; the smallest incidents of daily life were related. The father, knowing that he should inform the son of the fluctuations of the family budget, spoke of his more or less successful sales of leathers at the Besançon fair. The son was ever hunting in the progress of industry anything that could lighten the father's heavy handicraft. But though the father declared himself ready to examine Vauquelin's new tanning process, which obviated the necessity of keeping the skins so long in the pits, he asked himself with scrupulous anxiety whether leathers prepared in that way would last as long as the others. Could he safely guarantee them to the shoemakers, who were unanimous in praising the goods of the little tannery-yard, but, alas! equally unanimous in forgetting to reward the disinterested tanner by prompt payment? . . . Pasteur now undertook a yet more special task. He had often heard his father deplore his own lack of instruction, and knew well the elder man's desire for knowledge. By a touching exchange of parts, the child to whom his father had taught his alphabet now became his father's teacher; but with what respect and what delicacy did this filial master express himself! "It is in order that you may be able to help Josephine [his sister] that I am sending you this work to do." He took most seriously his task of tutor by correspondence; the papers he sent were not always easy. His father wrote: "I have spent two days over a problem which I afterwards found quite easy; it is no trifle to learn a thing and teach it directly afterwards." And a month later: "Josephine does not care to rack her brains, she says; however, I promise you that you will be pleased with her progress by the end of the next holidays." The father would often sit up late at night over rules of grammar and mathematical problems, preparing answers to send to his boy in Paris.

The biography of Pasteur is, as one of his pupils has aptly said, the history of a mind. I wonder if in the development of any other scientist there are so clearly seen the ramifications of the roots and branches of the intellect? His first success was in the chemistry of mineralogy, and he was elected to the Academy of Science in Paris in the section of mineralogy. He then turned to organic chemistry and studied, in pursuance of the germ theory, which he afterwards established, the diseases of silkworms and what might also be said to be the diseases of beer and wine. His purpose in this was to help the industries of his country. From this laboratory experimentation, which was made under the most trying circumstances and most difficult obstacles—for French laboratories at that time were ill equipped, ill housed, and treated by the Department of Education in the French Government with disheartening neglect—he turned to the investigation of human diseases. His employment of inoculation to cure the little village boy, Joseph Meister, of hydrophobia is a romance in itself which forms one of the chief episodes in a play by the eminent contemporary French dramatist Sacha Guitry.

Little by little Pasteur achieved success and recognition, but the traditionalists fought him tooth and nail, and among these traditionalists were some of his own scientific colleagues. He was given the degree of Doctor of Medicine by the University of Bonn in Germany; received the grand cross of the Legion of Honor; and was finally elected to the French Academy, the greatest honor that can be conferred upon a French intellectual. His seventieth birthday was observed by a great international celebration at which Lister, the British scientist, in a public apostrophe to Pasteur said: "You have raised the veil which for centuries had covered infectious diseases; you have discovered and demonstrated their microbian nature."

This great summit, however, had not been reached without much mental and physical suffering. In 1868, when he was forty-six years old, Pasteur had a stroke of paralysis, and for nearly thirty years afterwards his left leg dragged a little. But it was during that thirty years that his greatest contributions to the welfare of mankind were made. The Franco-Prussian War was a great blow to him, for he had dreamed of the fraternity of mankind based on scientific knowledge. The barbarity of the Prussians in their invasion of Paris when they destroyed the laboratory of one of his colleagues, breaking the glass tubes of barometers and thermometers and knocking scales and other instruments out of shape with hammers and burning to ashes the notes and records and manuscripts of ten years' work, so incensed him that he returned to the University of Bonn his medical diploma with a dignified note of protest. In his early life the antagonisms of Government officials, and even of his scientific colleagues, led him once to say: "For more than twenty years I have been suffering the disdain which France has for great intellectual labor." But these trials never destroyed his human kindness. He was a lover of great men. He once said: "From the life of men whose passage is marked by a trace of durable light let us piously gather up every word, every incident likely to make known the incentives of their great souls, for the education of posterity." And his faith in the divine spark which glows even through the darkness of human selfishness and misery is recorded in these words, written more than a quarter of a century ago, which may be said to have been his creed: "I believe beyond the shadow of a doubt that science and peace will triumph over ignorance and war and that the nations of the earth will finally enter into an agreement not to destroy, but to build up."

The name of this great modernist has become a household word on the farm and by the fireside; for the verb "to pasteurize" is known wherever milk is produced and consumed. Let us hope that in fulfillment of his dream the microbes of political and racial hatred may finally be pasteurized out of international relations by the warmth of human kindness.

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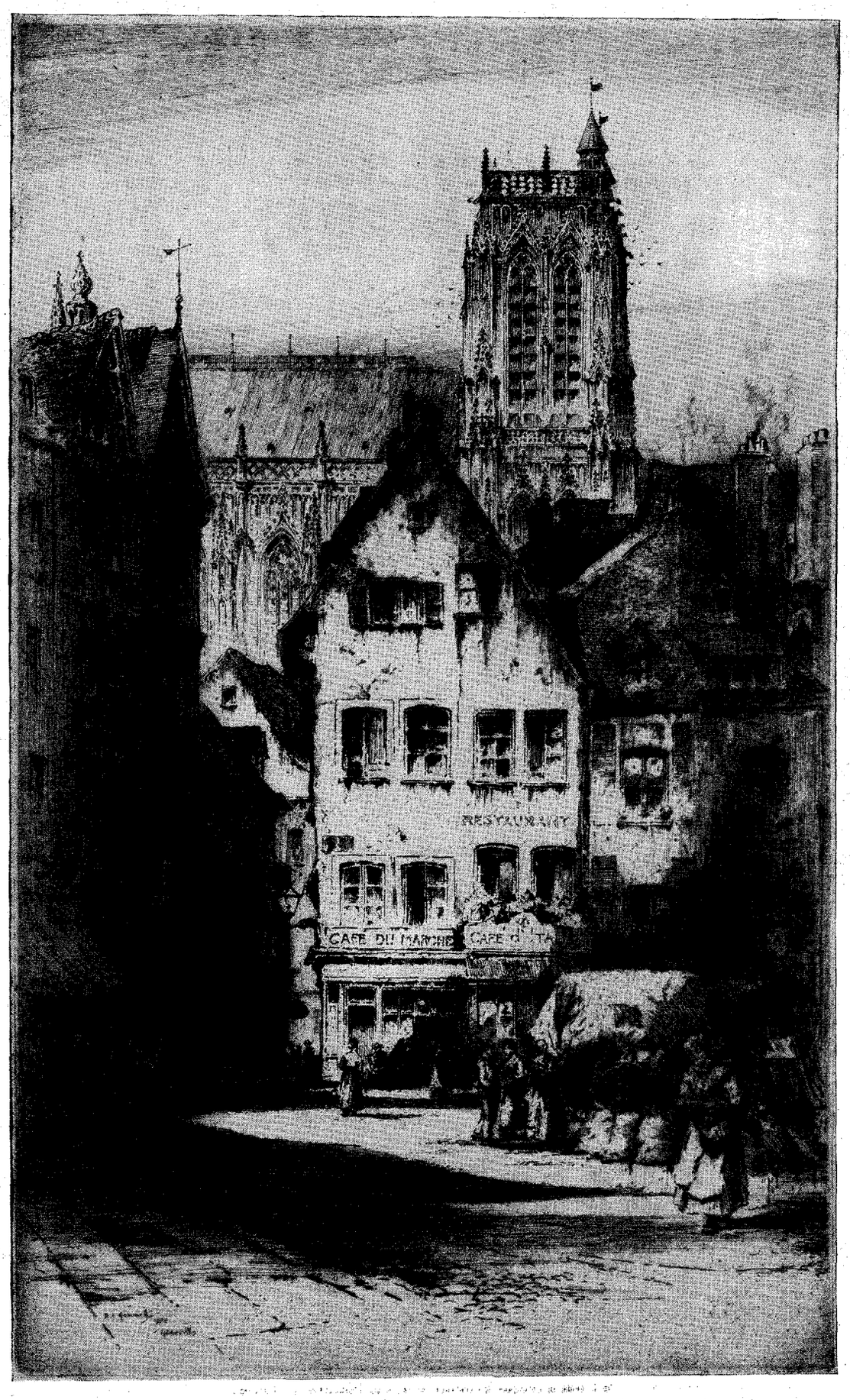

The Market-Place, Abbeville, Normandy (France), by Albany E. Howarth

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Etchings

St. Rombaut, Malines (Belgium), by J. C. Vondrous

These Etchings made since the war (in which the churches shown were, fortunately, not seriously damaged) are from a recent exhibition at the Harlow Galleries, 712 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Reproduced by permission of Arthur H. Harlow & Co.

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The America of Europe

An Interview with Edouard Beneš, Foreign Minister of Czechoslavakia

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

THE center of Europe is occupied by a new country, Czechoslovakia. It is really not a new country, but an ancient and honorable one; it has, however, a new name. We used to know most of it as Bohemia. We used to know another part as Slovakia, and still another very little part as Ruthenia. All these parts now form one whole. Though they represent three languages, the parts seem working well together.

The littlest part, Ruthenia, is worthy of special notice.

"Until the creation of Czechoslovakia," in the words to me of Edouard Beneš, Foreign Minister of that country, "Ruthenia, or, as it is often called, Sub-Carpathian Russia, was under Hungarian domination and the Ruthenians were entirely neglected. In the comparatively few schools they had instruction was given in Hungarian, the only official language. The peasants were in a lamentable economic condition and the country was four-fifths illiterate [a striking contrast to the rest of Czechoslovakia]. The Czechoslovakian Government immediately saw its duty. Under the circumstances, it was necessary, before everything, to create the bases of new intellectual and economic life—that is to say, to found Ruthenian schools, institutions, and charitable establishments, also those for the encouragement of agriculture—so as to raise the intellectual average of the people and to give them the possibility of perfecting themselves in every way and to preserve the liberty which they had just obtained. We have thus founded many primary schools and kindergartens, besides a goodly number of primary superior, secondary, normal, commercial, and agricultural schools, and courses as well for the illiterate.

"These things, as I have said, will fit the people the better to enjoy their new liberty. By the expression of their own will they have become part of our Republic. Our President nominates a governor for their territory, but he is responsible to their own Diet. It exercises legislative power as regards local administration. But the Ruthenians have an equitable representation in our Czechoslovakian Parliament."

Beginning with this large spirit of liberty, the new Republic of Czechoslovakia also began with a correspondingly stern spirit of economy and of a will to make its revenue and expenditure balance. In its first year it had to face a large deficit. But the size of that deficit has never since been equaled; on the contrary, the deficit has grown smaller and smaller, until now it is vanishing out of sight. Last October in one of the leading newspapers of the world appeared a statement that Czechoslovakia was facing a deficit of some sixty-five million dollars. No denial, so far as I know, has been published, at least in America, where the many friends of Czechoslovakia have been distressed by the statement. Accordingly, during the sojourn of M. Beneš in Paris last week I asked him whether the statement rested on fact or whether the deficit was only apparent, being covered by economies the chief of which was in the army budget. The Minister informed me that I was right. He said, "The deficit is only apparent, being covered by economies, already announced." Czechoslovakia is making both ends balance because it is sound basically. But, as the Minister admitted, Czechoslovakia, encircled by bankrupt or semi-bankrupt nations, will have hard going. Czechoslovakia will triumph because it has a fertile soil, an agriculture conducted along modern lines, large industries, a continually greater commerce, but, above all, an educated and industrious people—that is to say, it is the America of Europe.

As M. Beneš says, the new Republic has sought the collaboration of all the states which desire the peaceful reconstruction of Central Europe on the basis of the Peace Treaties. The result of such efforts has been in the formation of the Little Entente (due more to him than to any one else or to all others together). Besides this there has been the attainment of a political agreement with Austria. But with states outside the bounds of Central Europe, Dr. Beneš added, the Republic has systematically fostered peaceful relations "and has taken up with enthusiasm the lofty ideals of the League of Nations."

The latest evidence of this international collaboration is found in the Franco-Czechoslovakian Treaty just signed here by MM. Poincaré and Beneš. The treaty is a straightforward declaration by the two countries that they are "firmly attached to the principle of respect for international engagements, solemnly confirmed by the Covenants of the League of Nations;" that "they are equally concerned to safeguard peace;" and that they are determined to insure respect for the international, juridical, and political order set up by the treaties they have signed. To attain these objects there must be "reciprocal guaranties of security against possible aggression." Hence the two Governments bind themselves to consult each other on questions of foreign policy of a kind which might endanger their security, "that they reassert in the Treaty of Saint Germain, which created Austria an independent state and made her independence inalienable, save with the consent of the Council of the League of Nations;" particularly, the two Governments will resist the restoration of the Hapsburg dynasty in Hungary or the Hohenzollern dynasty in Germany; finally, the two Governments agree that future disputes which cannot otherwise be settled shall be submitted either to the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague or to other arbitration.

The English newspapers have been suspicious of this treaty, feeling that France was being unduly favored. As to this, M. Beneš authorizes me to say: "I would gladly sign exactly the same treaty with England—or with America, if she would consent!"

Next week

George Marvin

tells the story of a college that lives out of doors. Once Dartmouth's undergraduates hibernated when winter came on; now they are at home in the snow

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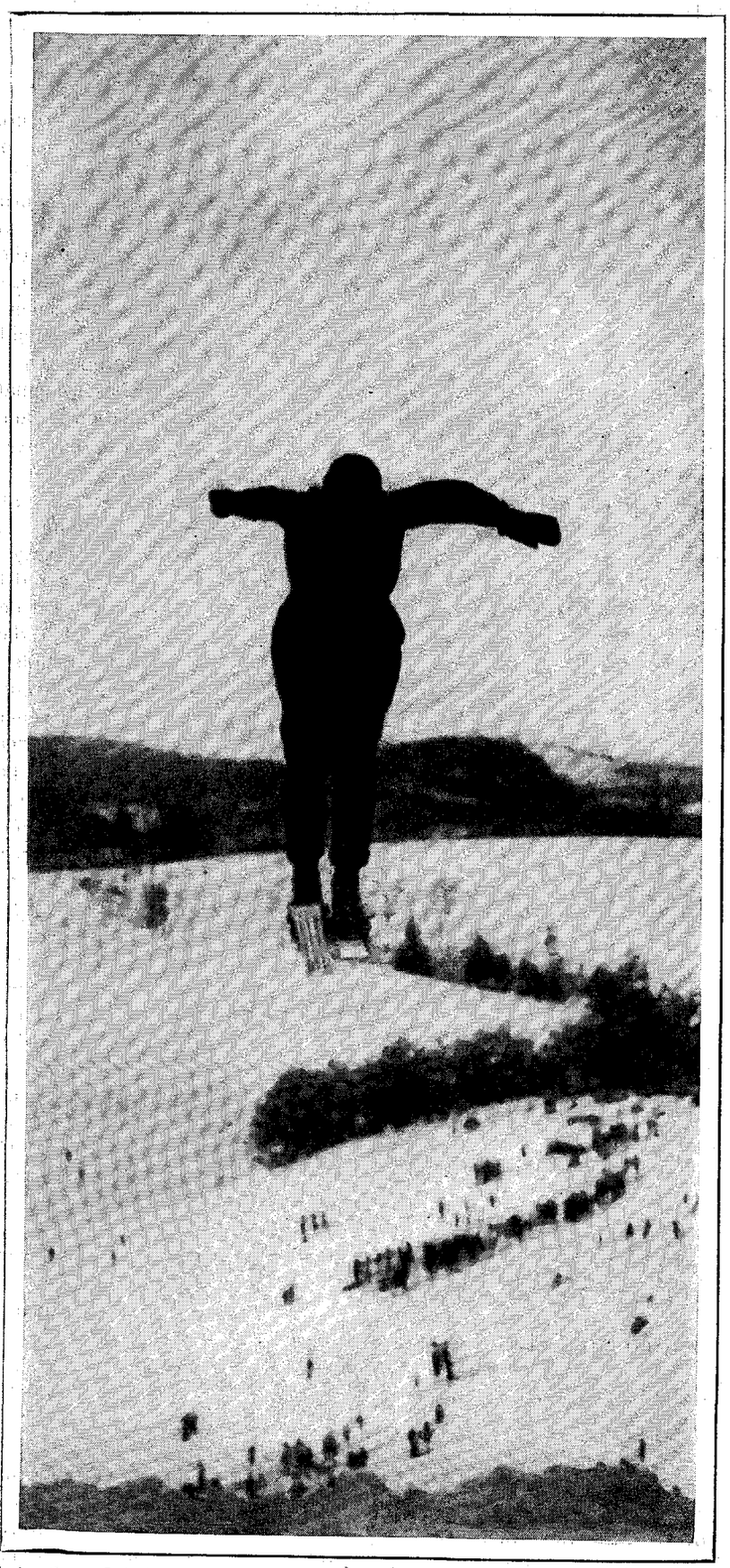
Flying on Skis

By GEORGE MARVIN

Photographs by G. H. Rockwood, Jr., of the Dartmouth Outing Club



"A brother of the crescent moon, unacquainted with fear." Frost, of Dartmouth, who won the event at the annual Hanover Carnival, jumping in faultless form

YOU see him first away up in the afternoon sky above the snow-laden pine-tree tops, a lonely figure suddenly silhouetted against the blue, a brother of the crescent moon, unacquainted with fear. Over the edge of the platform he hobbles awkwardly, then, transfigured, drops earthward, swooping towards the take-off. At that fraction of a second when, at fifty miles an hour, his long skis leave the "lip" his crouching figure springs into full stature as he gives himself on outspread wings, like a great sea-bird, to the air.

Thus seen it is not a jump. It is a flight, a triumph. A man in spiked shoes has jumped twenty-four feet over cinders, and a horse can leap less than ten feet farther over hurdles or pasteboard boxes. On skis men soar through the air one hundred feet, one hundred and fifty feet, sometimes two hundred feet over the snow, picking up white *terra firma* again at a speed even greater than when they left it.

Down swoops this big bird out of the sky, and, "ke-flum," his two skis close together slap the steep surface of the landing slope as, in a cloud of snow-dust, he is hurled away out of your latitude into the valley below. For less than two seconds—it seems half a minute—he is in the air over you, standing forward beyond the perpendicular like a flying vengeance, greater than man's size, passing with a rush as of wings through your neighborhood. In less than two seconds more there, far away, he reappears, reduced ten diameters, gliding erect through a white lane made of black Lilliputian spectators, to turn at the end of the "run-out" with a graceful "Telemark" swing and stand motionless as he listens with the waiting thousands for the megaphoned announcement of his distance.

A moment's hush of all that life, in tune with the breathless enchantment of winter. Then, with the applause of the spectators warming his cold ears, he slips back to the foot of the hill, unaccountably without effort, nonchalantly managing his eight-foot skis as though they were skates.

To you this is how it looks—beautiful, masterful, desirable. How does it look to the ski-jumper? Climb up to the dizzy platform flying the British and American flags at the top of the "approach," as it is technically called, where the interna-

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tional contestants start their adventures into space. Turn about and look down now. It is a beautiful nightmare! With a sinking feeling, you want to sit down or hold onto something. Faintly from the depths below floats up the voice of the announcer proclaiming the name and the fame of the next young Icarus to drop from heaven. Obediently **"Gunnar"** Michaelson fixes his last ski-strap, trudges calmly forward, and, without a moment's hesitation, slips into the abyss.

"Great Scott!" gasps the man from snowless Memphis; "don't they ever stop to think it over?"

No, they never do. If they did, they might not jump at all, or fail to remain on their feet after leaving the take-off. Apprehension, fear, the express-elevator feeling, won't kill the jumper, but it will ruin his jump. The Transylvania mountaineers say that the ski-jumper who hesitates or dreads the descent is apt "to lose the brain." His control is gone; the world goes black, black; things grow empty, empty. Good stomach nerves, which affect the action of the heart, are essential. Try dropping a hundred feet in any way you like—even with a parachute—and maintain a confident expression as you drop. As the jumper slips over the edge—in all great chances and high encounters—*"Il faut de l'audace et encore de l'audace—et toujours de l'audace."*

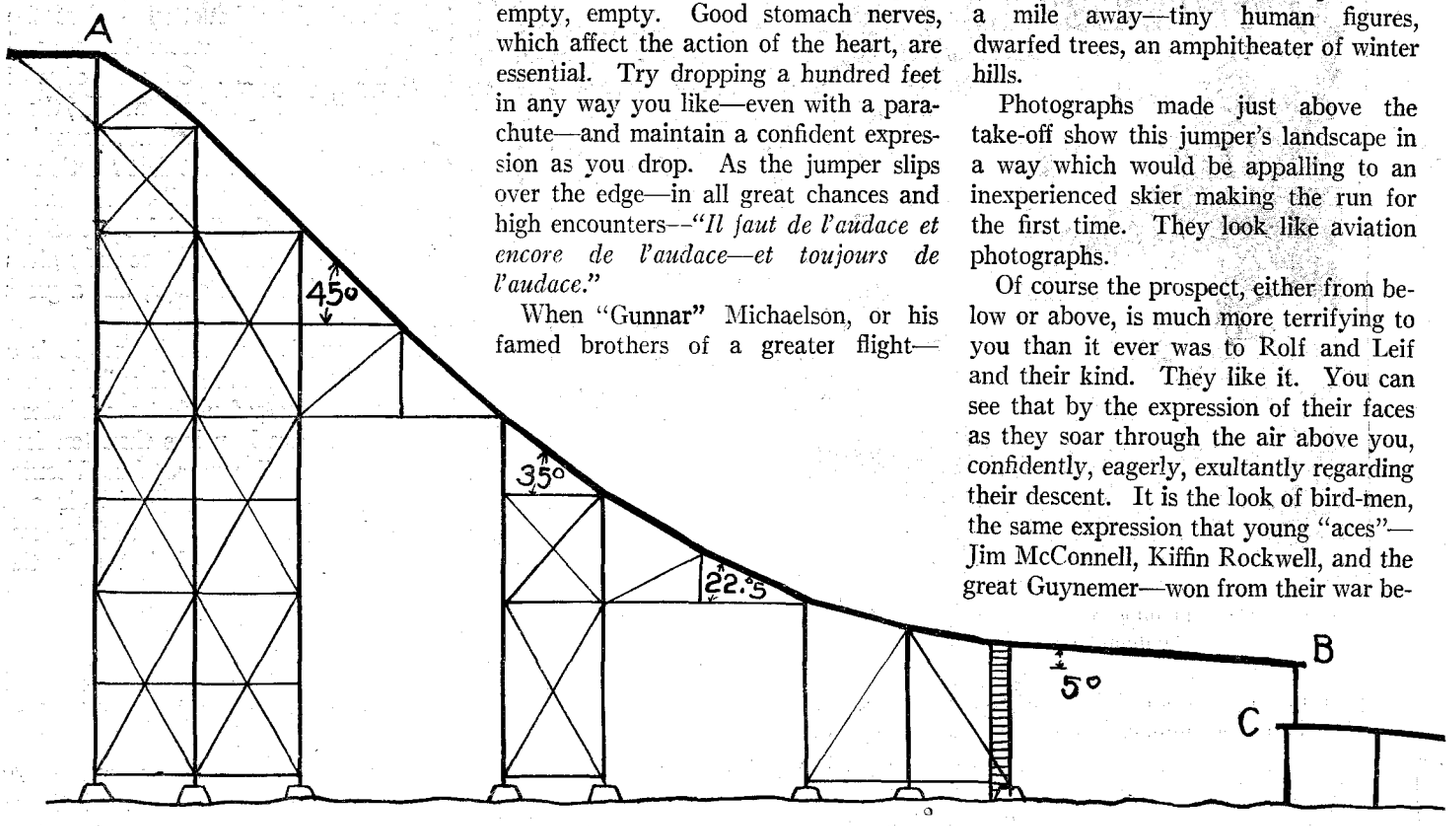
When "Gunnar" Michaelson, or his famed brothers of a greater flight—Henry Hall of Revelstoke, Rolf Monsen of Springfield, and Leif Sverdrup of Holmenkollen, Norway—leave the starting platform, they are, in a vertical line, generally not much more than two hundred feet above the level of the flat "run-out" at the end of their flight. But as any one of them shoots downward towards the take-off its horizontal edge cuts off from his vision the landing slope where he is destined to alight and all the intermediate distance beyond. Accordingly, while he approaches his leap at dizzy speed, the next objects he contemplates are in another world, a quarter of a mile away—tiny human figures, dwarfed trees, an amphitheater of winter hills.

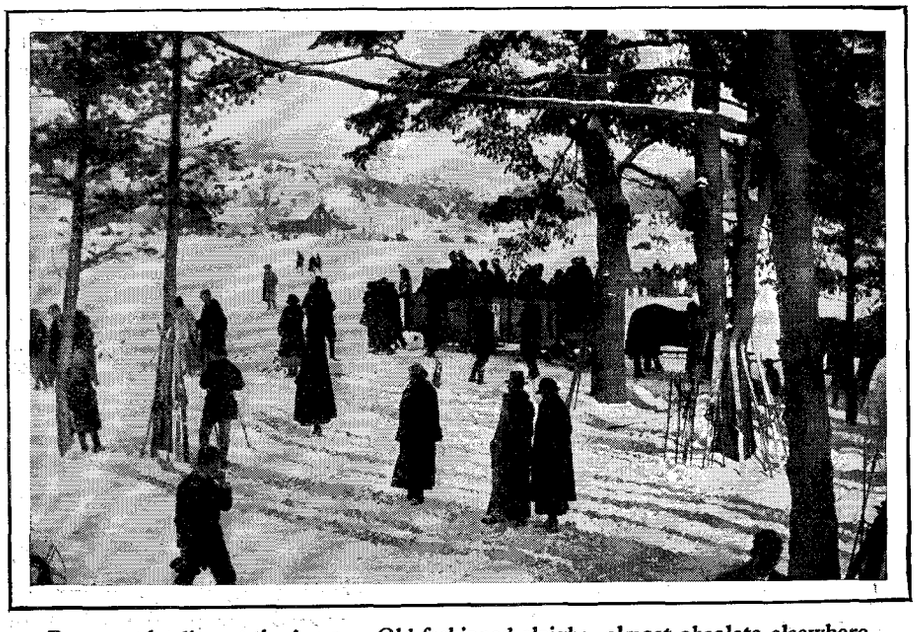
Photographs made just above the take-off show this jumper's landscape in a way which would be appalling to an inexperienced skier making the run for the first time. They look like aviation photographs.

Of course the prospect, either from below or above, is much more terrifying to you than it ever was to Rolf and Leif and their kind. They like it. You can see that by the expression of their faces as they soar through the air above you, confidently, eagerly, exultantly regarding their descent. It is the look of bird-men, the same expression that young "aces"—Jim McConnell, Kiffin Rockwell, and the great Guynemer—won from their war bethrothal to the air; a certain refinement of jaw and cheek-bone and quality of eye.

Also each jumper knows that he is dealing with less impressive actualities. No sooner has he launched himself from the "lip" into space than he sees immediately below him the steep surface of the landing slope—so steep that it has been invisible before—curving up at a tangent to meet the arc of his descent. And, though he may clear a hundred and fifty feet in the air, he knows that the last third of that distance will be traversed, skimming-wise, with his skis poised only a few feet above the snow.

The photographs, faithfully recording your own first impressions, show the dramatic and thrilling appearance of ski-jumping. But the most spectacular of them are not quite square with the structural facts of the jumping hill, an outline plan of which makes this bird performance assume more human qualities. The profile of a jumping hill printed with this article is that of the partly artificial structure at Hanover, New Hampshire, where the intercollegiate championships are held. Showing in detail all but the





Barges unloading at the jump. Old-fashioned sleighs, almost obsolete elsewhere, carry the thousands of spectators who come for the ski-jumping

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The "jumping hill" at Hanover. After climbing, with skis on his shoulder, to the top of the chute, the jumper contemplates thence a vertical descent of over 200 feet with an eventual goal a thousand feet away

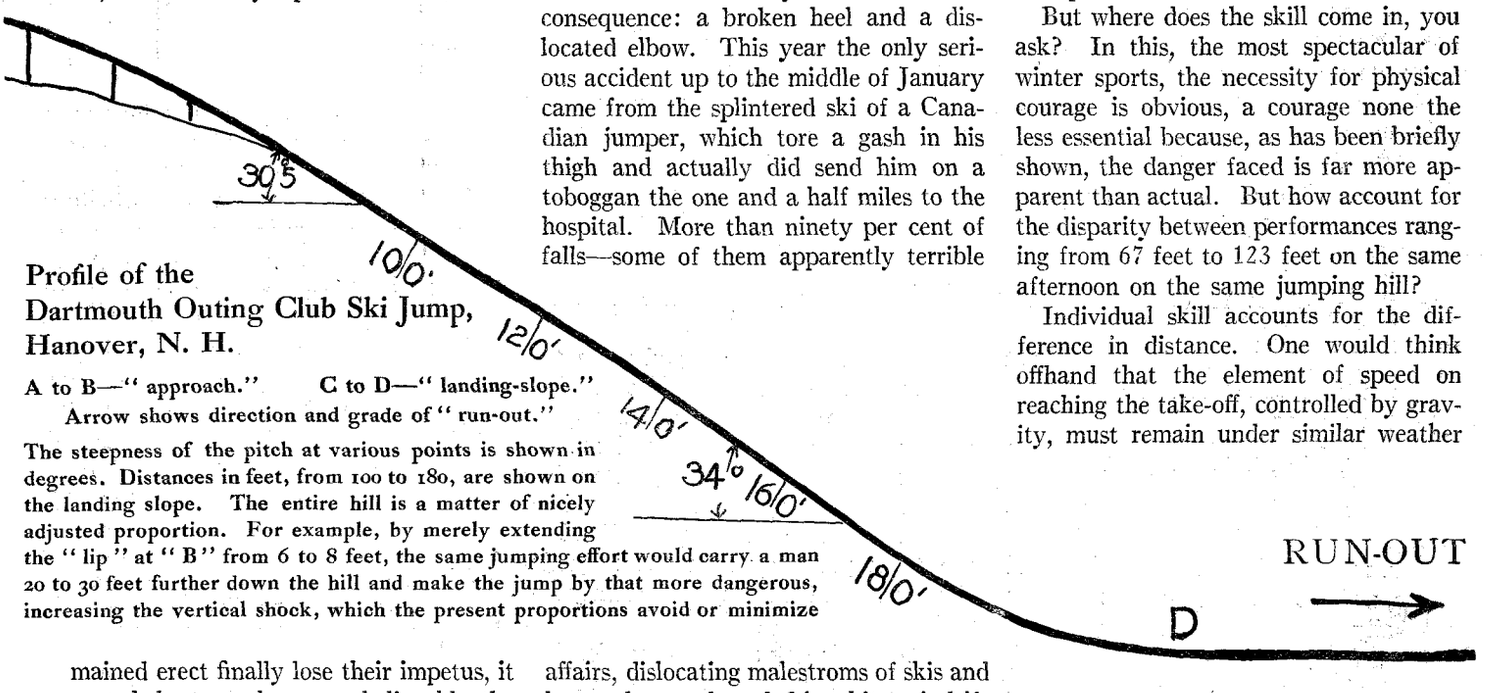
extent of the "run-out" at the base of the hill, where the jumpers who have remained erect finally lose their impetus, it may help to make more believable the fact that a smaller percentage of accidents occur in ski-jumping than in tennis.

The lay architect who designed the "approach" for the Hanover hill found one great fault with its situation. "It is," he said, "located one and a half miles from the hospital."

But in all last season's jumping on that same hill occurred only two accidents of consequence: a broken heel and a dislocated elbow. This year the only serious accident up to the middle of January came from the splintered ski of a Canadian jumper, which tore a gash in his thigh and actually did send him on a toboggan the one and a half miles to the hospital. More than ninety per cent of falls—some of them apparently terrible affairs, dislocating malestroms of skis and legs and arms shrouded in white spindrift—are without accident. The ingredients of this apparent miracle are: first, youth—and a selective youth at that; then, the disengaged fastening of ski to boot; the making of impact at a long tangent instead of with the shock of a sheer fall; and the fact that snow—even the packed snow of the landing slope—is not hard to fall upon.

But where does the skill come in, you ask? In this, the most spectacular of winter sports, the necessity for physical courage is obvious, a courage none the less essential because, as has been briefly shown, the danger faced is far more apparent than actual. But how account for the disparity between performances ranging from 67 feet to 123 feet on the same afternoon on the same jumping hill?

Individual skill accounts for the difference in distance. One would think offhand that the element of speed on reaching the take-off, controlled by gravity, must remain under similar weather conditions very nearly a constant, affecting all alike. But such is not the case. A man can perceptibly add to his speed down the approach by the balance of his body, the position and use of his arms, the tread of his feet, and control of his skis. The main difference in distance



Profile of the Dartmouth Outing Club Ski Jump, Hanover, N. H.

A to B—"approach." C to D—"landing-slope."
Arrow shows direction and grade of "run-out."

The steepness of the pitch at various points is shown in degrees. Distances in feet, from 100 to 180, are shown on the landing slope. The entire hill is a matter of nicely adjusted proportion. For example, by merely extending the "lip" at "B" from 6 to 8 feet, the same jumping effort would carry a man 20 to 30 feet further down the hill and make the jump by that more dangerous, increasing the vertical shock, which the present proportions avoid or minimize

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value, however, is determined at the moment just before the flight begins.

Thirty or forty feet above the "lip" the approach (see profile) flattens out horizontally. It is not enough to negotiate this launching space negatively, depending merely upon momentum. Spring and lift must here be synchronized with the departure of the skis, and varying abilities to time the surge of the whole body up and outward, so as not to anticipate the swift kiss of the "lip" nor yet to lose in the air the value of a firm footing, are marked in differences of many feet in the recording snow. Exactness in instinct should go with abandon of spirit, and both with an untroubled eye and mind.

Once shot into the air, the primary requisite to a good jump is to maintain a position at least perpendicular, and at first forward of the perpendicular, to the slope. This, any jumper will tell you, is hard to realize and to do because of the rush of the air and because by merely standing straight you seem to be falling forward on your nose. But if you haven't gained and can't hold an advantage over your flying skis when they hit the slope at better than the speed you gave to them they are going to run away from you and let you down hard. So you will sometimes see a jumper who has taken off tardily flap away like a gull rising over water in the effort to regain his aerial stance.

How you leave the take-off, then, determines the length of your jump. Whether or not it counts as a jump at all depends upon how you land. Only "standing" jumps count. No matter how great the distance covered through the air before skis lick snow, the contestant must remain on his feet thereafter if his jump is to go on record or be considered in competition. Here again skill, great skill. It takes head to stay on your feet. At the intercollegiate championships held early in February two men jumped farther than the winner, who, however, made three perfect standing jumps. Hall, of British Columbia, who holds the world's record for distance at 229 feet, is not considered a sound or consistent performer technically. Under the Canadian Ski Association rules, which govern competitions in this country, he might very well lose on the requisite average of the three allotted jumps. A "falling jump" need not be a spill or a catastrophe. If the jumper so much as "touches the snow or the tails of his skis with one or both hands," say the rules, "he is judged to have fallen."

Ski-jumping is for few participants. Only thirty-five out of many hundreds of ski-runners at Dartmouth are judged sufficiently competent to negotiate the great jumping hill. It is, however, a winter spectacle for thousands to thrill over annually. There are no professionals. It is a freemasonry of the air. Throughout northern New England and in the snow-bound Northwest, as well as from one end of Canada to the other, jumping hills have been built by colleges and schools and town communities which are waking up to the joyful possibilities of winter sports out of doors. Not long ago an enterprising hotel brought a freight-train load of snow many hundreds of miles out of its legitimate north in order to have some sham ski-jumping in Westchester County, New York. That was a false touch. Ski-jumping belongs where the snow falls out of northern skies and lies all winter unthawed upon the hills. It is part of the rugged spirit of the northland at play. Instead of one freight-train load of melting snow bound south, there will soon be hundreds of passenger-train loads of men and women, with skis and snow-shoes and skates and warm clothes and warmer hearts, bound north.

The Fight for the Canal Zone

By Henry Beston

Special Naval Correspondent of The Outlook

A special correspondent of The Outlook, Frederick Alan Thompson, flew to the West Indies to observe the joint naval and military maneuvers designed to demonstrate the condition of the defenses of the Canal. His first article has been published. Another Outlook correspondent, Henry Beston, accompanied the fleet in a naval transport. His article tells of his experiences in Panama

I HAVE heard old travelers say that the two finest views in the world are the massed summits of the Himalayas and the gulf of the Grand Canyon; but there is a third mightier still, and the way to it lies through the air. It is a view none too easily to be had, for the Army must lend you both pilot and plane, and the weather too must serve as your ally.

Your flight will begin at France Field, the Army's aviation center at the Atlantic gate of the Panama Canal. Into a plane you climb and buckle a broad web safety-belt about your waist; there comes a sudden, furious speeding up of the engine, a change of resonance in the sound of the roaring blades, the earth is falling away, and you are riding the air.

There had been a kind of gale on the day before my flight—they call them "northers" in the Zone—and when the plane which carried me rose the land below was clear, and only a few vague, watery masses of tropic cloud moved overhead. A sea of steamy jungle mist, unseen and unsuspected below, often shows itself from the skies, and if it lies too thick you may miss the majestic glimpse which the skies will presently reveal.

But on this day all was exceptionally clear. Directly over the Canal we flew, and along it southward to the other sea. The little old French Canal came in sight, a humble path of blue crossing our mighty American shipway in a wavering diagonal, and losing itself in the jungle near Gatun. To the east and to the west of the lowland of the Zone rose higher summits, vast landscapes of mountains lying ridge by ridge and mantled thick with green. Cloud shadows moved upon them, trailing with gravest majesty.

We passed a freighter in the Gatun locks, shrunk to the size of a toy ship lying in the box in which it came; we roared our noisy way over the skeleton forest drowned in the shallows of the lake.

We began climbing. The land fell and shrank in scale, the broad reach of the Canal reaching from Gatun Lake to Pedro Miguel dwindled to a bright rill, the jungle resolved itself into a kinky rug of greenery.

Then came the view—the view of the two oceans and the land seen in the same moment from the heights of the air.

We seemed poised in the sky. Beyond the plane, broad, calm, and glancing dully with the sun, the immense blue of the Pacific swept from the green coasts

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of the earth to the far rim of the world; behind, immense, metallic, and strangely pale, the floor of the Atlantic vanished into space. A broad green land of forests and mountains lay between; I saw spotty pools and bays of the great artificial lake lying north, and the unbroken silver width of the Canal.

There is something apocalyptic in the scene. One has the sense of beholding something beyond humanity. Veteran pilots at France Field who have crossed and recrossed the Isthmus time and time again have told me that the view never loses its awesome quality.

Moving though this vision is, it does not overwhelm the impression made by the Canal. On the contrary, the vision makes the Canal doubly real, both as an achievement and a symbol. There is something which stirs the imagination, something which profoundly moves American pride, in the sight of that channel of blue cut in hard raw lines through the spreading, hillocky green. Other nations have had their mighty works. This is ours. And not without a certain emotion can an American see it attacked even in mimic war.

IMITATION battles and sham wars are often dull enough affairs, but things were never dull during our recent "war" at the Canal. The tactical problem prepared by the joint board was strikingly dramatic. According to its terms, an enemy squadron, "the black fleet," had suddenly invaded the Caribbean and was lying somewhere off the Atlantic coast of the Canal, intent on destroying our power to use the waterway. He had airplanes with which he might bomb the locks, he had submarines, and the guns of his battleships outranged the land artillery. Worse yet, his fleet was assumed to have sunk a small naval force hastily assembled by the Americans. Our own Atlantic Fleet, Admiral N. A. McCully in command, assumed this rôle of enemy invader.

Certain land fortifications alone remained to defend the Canal from this formidable attack. Fort Sherman stands to the west of the Canal entrance, Fort Randolph to the east. Close by this latter fort stands France Field, the key of the air defense and the submarine base of Coco Solo. Various anti-aircraft batteries are hidden in the Zone.

The war was thus a contest of a fleet and its auxiliaries against a land defense and its auxiliaries, a form of contest whose tactical result is constantly debated.

Grave issues hung on the success or failure of the forts. Our greater fleet lay in the Pacific, ready to steam through the Canal to the defense of the Atlantic. The success of the "black" enemy would lock the gate of the Canal and hold these greater ships at bay.

Cannonadings, torpedoings, and bombings being happily impossible, they were only acted out. Battleship turrets swung, guns rose and aimed, and that was all. A staff of umpires, basing their decisions on the experience of war, determined the possible success or failure of these dramatized attacks, together with their most likely consequences. Two very distinguished officers headed this list—Admiral Coontz, ranking Admiral of the United States Navy, and Major-General John L. Hines, Deputy Chief of Staff, an officer well known to students of the Great War for his exceptionally brilliant work in France.

With the arrival of the umpires the war began. The black fleet swept down the coast out of sight and out of range, lights went out at the forts, special sentries were posted, patrols tramped the coral banks along the shore. It would have been hard to find a better scene. The moon was at the full the week of the maneuvers, flooding the coast and the thick greenery of the jungle with an immensity of golden-greenish light; the days were glorious, and the northeast trades, flowing like a strong river of wind, endlessly shook a dry rustling clatter out of agitated palms.

ON the second day of the "hostilities" I joined a coast artillery company on its way to man a certain battery hidden in the jungle miles from anybody and anywhere. Our American lads stand the climate well, and these pleasant, intelligent youngsters looked very fit and keen. Their color was good, and their movements quick and without listlessness. Perhaps the fact that summer throughout the United States is often tropical may prepare us for the genuine thing.

But some day the Army ought to design a special uniform for tropical use. To dress the soldiers in tight khaki trousers and thick woolen puttees is absurd. The air-thirsty body has no chance. Uniforms so soaked with sweat that they actually look as if they had just been taken from a wet line are worse than nothing. At tropical stations, where the men live almost entirely on cleared ground, the British dress their men in "shorts," the most sensible and decent of tropical rigs. As it stands to-day, all that our men lack are fur vests and earmuffs.

It was pleasant there in the heart of the jungle. Parrots flew by over the clearing, flying in much the same manner as ducks, though perhaps a little flappier. I noticed that they never flew alone, but by twos and threes and fours and little companies. Only when they wheeled and caught the sun did they look a brilliant green. Stray little parakeets hopped in the trees. Tropical birds make hideous sounds in an aviary, but in the full jungle the sound is subdued, and one hears less whooping and more queer whistling.

The picture was best at night, when the men had gathered in various groups to play games, while others sat on the edges of their cots reading adventure story magazines. There was not a single mosquito or sand-fly about—no, not one. Beyond the fort, close by a giant cannon, some of the youngsters were singing, and singing extraordinarily well. The young mellow voices melted out into the stillness of the wood. An enormous moon gleamed along the top of the huge, dark cylinder of crouching steel.

Suddenly, quite near by, an ocelot uttered its whining yell. Nobody paid any attention to it. Then came lights out, and sleep.

The war was over next day, and we all came home. On reading the official bulletin, I discovered that I had spent twenty-four hours under heavy bombardment by a fleet of battleships. Yet how placidly and contentedly we had eaten our "bolony" sandwiches.

We had lost the war, a result long foreseen. Their guns outranged, their batteries undermanned, the defenders of the Canal had been forced to yield.

The Army is recommending a stronger defense, and asking for money to buy guns with longer ranges. Whether the money will be granted depends upon the temper of Congress and the pressure of public opinion. But there should be no delay in repairing such defenses as we already have. The equipment, as a whole, is in mediocre condition. I have seen ammunition railways that would scarce support a kiddie car and airplane shelters that are eaten through with rust. All this is very bad for the general morale.

On the next day the Atlantic shore of the Zone had turned into a navy recruiting poster. Bright sunlight, sailors in whites, sailors carrying bunches of green bananas, sailors carrying little red monkeys in the bend of their arms, sailors buying queer candy from fine statuesque Negro women with bandannas on their heads. One of the sailors, a cheery-looking lad, was carrying a live three-foot iguana, the great tree lizard of the Zone. He had it under his arm, its queer head and front paws resting on his forearm, its long, pointed tail hanging down behind. It never offered to struggle, and it had the most extraordinary look in its lizard eyes—the look of a philosopher from another planet contemplating the comic mystery of human life.

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The Rules of the Railway Game

By SAMUEL O. DUNN

Editor of the "Railway Age"

LITERALLY thousands of bills for the regulation of the railways have been considered by Congress and the State Legislatures within the last twenty years, and a very large number of them have been passed. Nevertheless there were introduced within the first weeks of the present Congress more than a hundred bills to change the present Federal railway laws. They ranged all the way from twenty bills to repeal the surcharge on sleeping-car tickets to bills to wipe out a large part of the valuation of the railways, and even to establish Government ownership.

The numerous kinds of legislation proposed are the expression of a strong sentiment prevailing among some classes in certain parts of the country, especially in the Middle West, for changes in regulation, almost every one of which would reduce not only the rates of the railways, but the "net operating income" they may earn to pay interest and dividends.

An exception is afforded by measures intended to facilitate consolidations. Their main purpose is to cause combinations of "weak" and "strong" roads as a means of promoting a more even distribution among the railways of the total net earnings made, and of thereby simplifying rate regulation.

In this crisis in the affairs of the railways the public should know the policy their managers favor and the reasons for it. The managers have their bias and prejudices; but most of their critics have equal bias and prejudice without equal knowledge of railway matters.

Railway Executives Have Changed

THE attitude of railway executives toward regulation is entirely different from what it was fifteen or twenty years ago. The principal reason is that they are different men. There are now only two presidents of important railways who were their presidents when the Hepburn Rate Act established effective Federal regulation in 1906. The attitude of the present executives toward regulation was well stated by one of them recently when he said: "Regulation lays down the rules under which the railroad game must be played. We do not object to having to play the game according to rules. What we do object to is constant changing of the rules in the middle of the game. No man can successfully play a game the rules of which are constantly changed."

THE OUTLOOK has presented William G. McAdoo's criticisms of the managers of American railways. There is no one better fitted than Samuel O. Dunn, editor of the "Railway Age," to present the views of the railway executives concerning the amazingly complex and vital problems of our transportation system.

In writing of the policy of the railway executives, Mr. Dunn does not speak for all of them, nor does he try to. Yet we are convinced that he has expressed the opinion of the majority of railway men—a belief that is substantiated by a letter from Mr. C. H. Markham, President of the Illinois Central Railroad, in which he indorses Mr. Dunn as follows:

There are numerous railway executives, and of course there are differences of opinion among them regarding the policy of regulation that should be followed respecting various railway matters. I believe, however, Mr. Dunn's article expresses the consensus of opinion of a majority of railway executives concerning the policy with respect to regulation which should be adopted at the present time.

His statements indicate why the consensus of opinion of both railway managers and members of the Inter-State Commerce Commission is that the Transportation Act of 1920 should not now be changed except perhaps in minor details. The passage of this act was the culmination of more than fifteen years of investigation, discussion, and experimentation. Some of the rules it established were new, some reversed former rules. It is not surprising that railway executives and members of the Commission, which has most of the responsibilities and burdens of regulation, should both finally take the view that opportunity should be given to play the game under existing rules and normal conditions for a while. Actual experience is the only real test of what results any set of rules will produce.

The three most important questions with which proposed legislation deals are the future of the Railroad Labor Board, railway consolidations, and regulation of rates. There are differences of opinion among railway executives regarding all these questions. There is, however, no difficulty in stating the attitude of a large majority.

Unions Wish the Labor Board Abolished

THE leaders of the railway labor unions favor abolition of the Labor Board. They believe that most differences between the railways and their employees should be settled by direct negotiations. They claim this is more likely to be done if there is no permanent arbitration body on which representatives of the public hold the balance of power. To settle controversies that cannot be settled by direct negotiations they would re-establish substantially the plan of mediation, conciliation, and, finally, arbitration provided by the Newlands Law before Government control of railways was adopted.

On the other hand, a majority of railway executives are opposed to abolition of the Labor Board. There have been some serious controversies between the railways and the labor unions since the Board was established. One of these resulted in the first Nation-wide railway strike in the country's history—that of the shop employees in 1922, who walked out rather than accept wages awarded by the Board. Not only did this serious strike occur, but railway wages have been higher since fixed by the Labor Board than ever before.

But labor troubles on the railways have been less serious since the Labor Board has been in existence than in some other large industries, notably the coal mines; and the fact is, the Labor Board has tended to promote peaceful negotiations and settlements. This has been largely due to the fact that both sides have become reluctant to appeal to the Board, because they fear both what its decisions will be and what will be the results if they disregard them.

The shop employees lost their strike on most of the railways. While wages have remained high under the Board's awards, there has been a notable increase in the efficiency of employees. There was the greatest harmony in the relations between the railways and the employees and the highest efficiency in the work done by the employees in 1923 that there

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had been for years. Most railway executives would rather retain, at least for a few years more, the present plan for settling labor controversies than return to the Newlands Act method, which completely broke down just before the war, or try some new method.

For thirty years the Government, under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, tried to prevent all railway consolidations, while all the time railway financiers and executives were trying to form consolidations. Then Congress, in the Transportation Act of 1920, suddenly reversed the Government's policy and directed the Inter-State Commerce Commission to draw up a plan for the consolidation of all the railways into a limited number of competing systems of substantially equal financial strength. The railway executives are no more opposed to consolidations now than they were before. They believe, however, the consolidation provisions of the Transportation Act actually are a serious obstacle to consolidations. These provisions contemplate the formulation of a wholesale scheme of consolidations, after which no consolidation not contemplated in the original plan could be effected. The consensus of opinion of railway executives is that the law should be so changed as to permit the Commission to authorize any consolidation which the railways may desire to make and which will tend to promote the public interest. Under such legislation many consolidations which would be of benefit to both the railways and the public would be made. On the other hand, the present provisions for a wholesale plan of consolidations from which there can be no departure will defeat their own purpose because of the unwillingness or inability of many of the railways included in various proposed systems to reach agreements, and because of the bitter opposition of the people of many communities and territories to some of the specific combinations suggested.

A Question of Rate

By far the most important issue raised by proposed legislation is the question of what rates the railways shall be allowed to charge and what profits they shall be allowed to earn. If this question is not settled fairly and sensibly, private ownership of railways will be destroyed, and it will make no difference what is done about the Railroad Labor Board or consolidations.

Railway passenger and freight rates now average a little more than fifty per cent higher than before the war. In the industrial East and the largely agricultural South this is not causing much resentment or agitation. The prices of most commodities produced in these sections are about as high relatively as the rates charged for carrying them, and there is prosperity. There has been, however, and still is, much real suffering among Western farmers, especially wheat growers, because of the marked disparity between the prices the farmers can get for many of the things they produce and the rates and prices they must pay for what they must buy. Since the granger days of the '70's there always has been in every period of "hard times" an uprising in the West against freight rates. It is principally owing to the recent uprising that many men with radical views have been elected to Congress.

These men, for the ostensible purpose of bringing down freight rates, especially on farm products, are seeking, not only repeal of the rate-making provisions of the Transportation Act, but also a large reduction of the valuation the Inter-State Commerce Commission has tentatively placed on all the railways and the final valuations it has placed upon many individual railways. The rate-making provisions are incorporated in what has become famous as "Section 15-A." The Commission is directed to base rates upon the aggregate valuation of the railways, to determine from time to time what is a fair return on the valuation, and to fix rates so the railways, "as near as may be," can earn this return. It is required in deciding what is a "fair return" to take into consideration the need of the country for adequate transportation. The original tentative valuation made in 1920 has been increased by subsequent investment to about twenty-one billion dollars. The Commission holds a fair return is 5¾ per cent. If any railway in any year earns more than 6 per cent, it must turn over one-half of the excess to the Inter-State Commerce Commission—a provision the constitutionality of which has been upheld by the Supreme Court.

The Commission has said that in making the valuation it considered all elements of value prescribed by the Supreme Court and by the Valuation Law of 1913, of which Senator La Follette of Wisconsin was author. These elements include the original cost of construction and the probable cost of reproduction of railway property. Senator Brookhart of Iowa, Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, and others claim that the valuation made is too large. Senator Brookhart has introduced a bill directing that valuation be based on the market prices of securities. Senator La Follette, who in writing the Valuation Law of 1913 required "cost of reproduction" to be considered, has now introduced a bill requiring that it shall be ignored and that valuation shall be based on "actual investment prudently made." The authors of these bills believe their adoption would reduce the valuation about one-third, or approximately $7,000,000,000.

It is hardly necessary to say that railway executives are opposed to this legislation. Although $4,000,000,000 has been invested in the railways since 1916, they had less net return after paying operating expenses and taxes in 1923 than in 1916. The higher rates are therefore due entirely to higher operating expenses and taxes. Wages on the railways, the prices they are paying for fuel and materials and supplies, and their taxes are twice as high as eight years ago, but no legislation whatever has been introduced to bring down wages, prices, or taxes.

What Will Cutting the Valuation Do?

How much of a reduction of rates would be effected if all other things remained equal and the valuation were reduced one-third? In 1923 operating expenses and taxes consumed eighty-five per cent of total earnings. Therefore net operating income available for paying interest and dividends was fifteen per cent of the earnings; and the proposed reduction of the valuation by one-third would cause an average reduction in rates of not more than five per cent.

But the entire reduction of rates contemplated by this plan is to be taken out of the net operating income, and would therefore permanently reduce by one-third what would be allowed to be earned for interest and dividends. The effect this would have may be best judged by the present market prices of railway bonds and stocks. These prices are determined partly by general financial conditions, partly by current and prospective earnings. Practically all railway bonds are selling below par. Very few stocks are selling anywhere near par; and a majority are selling for less than $50 a share. How low, then, would railway bonds and stocks go if a law were passed the purpose and effect of which should be permanently to make the net operating income allowed to be earned about one-third less than it is now?

This is a question of great importance to the present owners of railway bonds and stocks, but of far greater importance to the public. The Joint Commission of Agricultural Inquiry of Congress, of which the leader of the farm bloc was a member, estimated two years ago that the railways for some years must invest an average of $750,000,000 a year in new facilities to enable them to handle the country's commerce. They can raise this capital only by selling bonds and stocks. Nobody would buy their bonds and stocks if a law were passed to reduce permanently by one-third the amount

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they are now held entitled to earn. Therefore, to secure a reduction of rates averaging five per cent the development of the country's transportation system, and all increase in production and commerce which are dependent on it, would be stopped.

It is of course desirable that every reasonable means shall be adopted to bring down railway rates. But the remedies prescribed by such legislative proposals would be vastly worse than the disease. Railway rates were put up entirely by increases in operating expenses and taxes. Railway profits have been less in every year since rates were advanced than before. Therefore rates must be brought down entirely by reductions of expenses and taxes if they are to be reduced with safety to the welfare of the railways and the public.

W. G. McAdoo, who was Director General of Railroads under Government operation during the war, apparently recognizes this fact when he charges that the railways under private operation have restored many "wasteful practices" he abolished and that their operating methods are "archaic." What are the facts? In December, 1917, the last month of private operation during the war, the operating expenses of the railways were $8,106,500 a day. In February, 1920, the last month of Government operation, they were $14,361,000 a day. This large increase of expenses was mainly due to advances in wages. But in November, 1923—although wages were higher than they ever were under Government operation, and although traffic had increased—total operating expenses were only $13,553,000 a day, or $808,000 a day less than at the termination of Government control. Mr. McAdoo's assertions about the economy of the methods he introduced and about the "wasteful practices" and "archaic methods" that have been restored do not bear the test of the facts.

Railway rates average no higher in proportion than the prices of commodities. The railway problem can be solved and reductions of rates gradually brought about under private ownership only by encouraging desirable consolidations; by letting the roads earn enough return to raise capital needed to provide adequate service and make improvements that will effect economies; and by readjusting wages, other expenses, and taxes downward as changes in conditions warrant. There is no other way under private ownership. If the Nation desires to take the plunge into Government ownership, that is another matter; but if it does not desire to take that plunge, it should be wise enough to stop proposed radical legislation the true purpose of most of the authors and active supporters of which is to bring about Government ownership.

That Teapot Alarm Clock

Special Correspondence from Washington on the Significance of the Oil Scandal

By STANLEY FROST

PUBLIC-SPIRITED men in Washington, and there are more of them than recent events might lead one to believe, breathed a great sigh of relief when the Teapot Dome scandal exploded. They were as much disgusted at it, as badly sickened by it, as the rest of the country—except for a few who were rather indecently jubilant because their prophecies had come true or their political chances improved—but the deeper feeling was one of thankfulness because the Nation and its conscience had finally been shocked awake once more. They now see a chance, the first in many years, to enforce at least moderate efficiency and decency in government.

Estimates made by two Senators as to the results accomplished by the oil inquiry show how deep and fervent this feeling is.

"Far beyond what has been done in uncovering corruption or will be done in recovering public property," declared Senator Lenroot, chairman of the Senatorial Investigating Committee, "is the fact that the inquiry has opened the way for two great and needed reforms. It has awakened the people and brought public opinion once more to the support of decent government. As a result Conservation—real Conservation—has for the first time been firmly established as a Government policy. No one will again dare ignore it.

"But even more important is that as a result of the inquiry there will be established a higher standard of official conduct. This is much more than the comparatively rare matter of actual corruption; it affects the manner in which all official business is conducted and the relations between all public men and the Government. It has been badly needed, and for a long time it seemed impossible to make much headway. The oily exposures will serve as a warning to officials for years to come."

The Views of Senator Borah

SENATOR BORAH was, as is his custom, even more outspoken, though less hopeful.

"It is useless to prophesy," he said. "But it is to be hoped, first, that the property of the Government may be recovered and all parties guilty of crime punished. Second, that a wise and permanent policy relative to our naval oil reserves may be determined upon and established. Third, that we put an end to the shameless waste, extravagance, and corruption which permeates our Government from turret to foundation-stone, from the country village to the Capitol.

"I say extravagance and corruption. There is very little difference to the taxpayer and to the citizen between extravagance in public affairs and corruption in public office. They both result in the dissipation of public property and the exploitation of the citizen. It all results at last in the impoverishment of the people and the undermining of our institutions.

"If the corruption which has been exposed results in removing the cancerous growth of public prodigality and if men in public places are called to answer for the waste of public funds, then there will be compensation for this sordid, venal revealment. But if nothing permanent is accomplished in the way of raising the standard of public service, of establishing decency in American politics, except the mere recovery of property, afterward to be dissipated, or the punishment of a few individuals while the Treasury raider is still at large and in power, then the revealment will have been largely in vain."

Public opinion and public conscience had a long and deep sleep before the Teapot alarm clock went off. Many men have known, and proclaimed, the abominable conditions in the Government. They could get no response. Scandal after scandal has broken out—munitions, war frauds, alien property, shipping, prohibition enforcement, tax evasion, even the shocking exposures in the Veterans' Bureau—and left the country almost unmoved. Decent men were depressed and helpless; political opinion was indifferent or cynical.

This has been true since the early days of the war, and can quite fairly be

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charged up to the extravagance and waste which flourished under stress of haste and cover of patriotism, and to the moral relaxation which followed the struggle.

"As soon as we went to war they began throwing money around like drunken sailors," one leading Senator said, bitterly. "A lot of it stuck to their fingers, too. A man who has made a careful study tells me that of our National debt to-day at least five billion dollars is graft. I should say he was conservative! But we couldn't stop it. The minute any one raised an objection to anything he was howled down as pro-German. It went on after the war just the same, with all the grafters hiding behind the flag. Thank God, here is something at last that we can take up and use for a brake!" This man, by the way, is a Republican whose reputation is one of caution and extreme moderation. He would not let his name be used.

That Unexpected Explosion

QUITE curiously, the explosion finally came from an entirely unexpected quarter. Many people had hoped that some of the earlier scandals would awaken the country; no one had counted on the Teapot Dome affair. There is not a man in public life who has not been surprised at the turn it has taken. It did not seem important. It had dragged on for nearly two years. The possible loss to the country is small compared to some losses that have been taken with only faint murmurs. The legality and wisdom of the actions are at least debatable. The possibility of showing actual crime was hardly suspected. So the sudden revelation has something of the air of providential interference.

The week's recess from open hearings by the committee gave the first chance since the explosion for the dust to settle a bit, and permits time to glance over what has been accomplished so far. The air is still full of hysteria, politics, recriminations, and rumors, but even so there is a much better chance than before to see clearly.

To do this, however, one must cut through the fog of politics which the heat of partisanship has generated, forget for a moment the partisan speeches, all of which exaggerate, minimize, or distort the truth, attempt to bear always in mind that excitement and disgust have magnified many details of the disclosures till they appear monstrous like an ulcer under a microscope, and remember that gossip is still gossip even when told to a committee of Senators, and so get back to the actual facts shown and their relation to the Government as a whole.

When this is done, two things appear at once. The first is that, shocking as the revelations are, the foundations of the Government are not in serious danger. Political corruption is a sickening commonplace through our whole political structure everywhere. It is more distressing when it appears on a National scale, but it is certain to appear in Washington at times so long as we have the habit of promoting to the capital local politicians among whom there are so certain to be a proportion of rascals. The great majority of politicians and office-holders are honest, of course, but the taint of the ward heeler too often runs clear through to the top. We seem, as a Nation, to be willing to stand this until it becomes quite outrageous, rather than take the trouble to insure decency.

The Government, in fact, runs through cycles of decency and corruption, much as business runs through cycles of prosperity and depression. We have occasionally a great awakening and house-cleaning, but quickly turn to our private affairs again and allow the dust and cobwebs and insects and vermin of politics to creep into possession of the place. They keep it till we lose patience once more, and they are again thrown out, rather surprised and greatly protesting, for they always come to feel that they have vested rights in public loot. The Ballinger case, the trust-busting period, the Star Route scandals, each marked the end of such cycles. The present excitement, viewed in perspective, merely means that we have again reached the bottom of the curve of political morality and are starting upward. One can almost see the future historian write: "The World War was followed by a period of graft, waste, and corruption in American politics, which was brought to a close by what are known as the Teapot Dome scandals."

The second thing that stands out is that the great bulk of the Government and the majority of the politicians and office-holders are entirely unaffected by the present scandals. They go their rather dundering way, no better nor worse than usual. A spokesman for the White House pointed out to a group of newspapermen the other day that in times of such hysteria people get greatly excited over matters to which they usually pay no attention. As has been said, this excitement is extremely valuable just now, but the events are no more serious than they were before they were noticed.

Of course there is extravagance, waste, and inefficiency in many places. That is always true. In the present alarmed state of mind many facts about these evils will be brought to our attention, and we shall probably get excited about them. But they have been customary (not that this makes them any less vicious), and experience has shown that our worry about them is sporadic—just about enough to check them before they destroy us. Indeed, over a long period a slow gain can be observed.

The Destruction of Confidence

WHEN this much has been said in reassurance, however, the fact remains that the exposures have been disgusting, shocking, shameful, and have gone far to destroy the confidence of the average man in all officials and politicians, chiefly and naturally directing both anger and distrust against the party in power. For a review of the evidence shows that five things have been revealed, each worse than the last.

First is the actual leasing to private interests of the lands holding our Navy's war-time oil reserves. This involves matters of both law and policy which are greatly confused, though by common consent all officials—except Mr. Denby—now take the position that they were both illegal and unwise, if not actually criminal. There is, however, far more of politics than of reasoned judgment in this attitude on both sides. The facts are almost beyond the understanding of any except experts. They are too conflicting and voluminous to be repeated here, but the summary made by a Senator who has followed the work of the committee very closely may be taken as fair.

"If it had not been for Fall and the money he waved before the world," this Senator said, "there would hardly have been a scandal. It looked till that came out as if there would be majority and minority reports, each backed by expert testimony, and that nothing would be done. We went into the matter very thoroughly, and, though we were doubtful of the legality, we would not have raised that point if the leases had been good policy.

"We were not clear on that, either. I will say this, that if the Administration had come to Congress instead of stretching a doubtful authority it would quite likely have got full power to do just what it did do. I will go even further; if it had not been for the evidences of corruption, there might have been some talk, but hardly a serious challenge, and certainly no excitement."

This, summarized, means simply that it is far from clear even to this Senator whether the policy of leasing Naval oil reserves actually injured the country at all.

The second fact brought out is that there has been great carelessness in disposing of public property and much incompetence in high officials. This was no secret, but in the flare of sudden indignation a new emphasis on this almost

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standard evil has thrown all public business under suspicion. Some of this is unjust and irrational, but it has multiplied the fears and distrust aroused by the actual facts.

The third revelation, and the one that vitalized all the others, is that Fall took money from Doheny, with whom he had official dealings, and that attempts were made to hide the transaction. The deal missed no detail of a movie plot; all the good old hokum was there—money in a satchel, a promissory note with the signature torn off, the sob story of early friendship, a few poor lies, and, finally, members of the group betraying one another in panic. It is one of the most disgusting stories of American public life, the first time that a Cabinet member has been caught in anything that even looked like direct bribery.

It is not, however, proof of anything. The story, queer as it is, might be true. All that has been shown really are "suspicious circumstances," to quote the committeeman again. It will take months and much money and many legal fireworks to decide whether a crime was, in fact, committed.

The circumstances are nevertheless suspicious enough to justify almost any opinion. They are cause for very serious alarm, for the mind of each man automatically adds to this story all that has gone before in the way of scandal. In the popular mind there was also added the fact that in the oil case the Government was in contact with, and perhaps corrupted by, one of the "interests" which are the average citizen's most feared and hated enemy. So it is no wonder that the public suddenly seemed to see the whole Government corrupt, venal, untrustworthy, debased. Of course it saw much that was not there, for too much indifference is sure to be followed by too much suspicion.

But worse even than this, to thinking people, and an added shame in the eyes of the whole people, was the revelation of the debased state of mind toward public trust in many officials who had been trusted and in many men having dealings with the Government. This revelation—again exaggerated by hysteria—seemed to destroy the last foundation of public confidence. And it is, beyond question, the gravest menace in public life to-day. But, as with other evils, it is not new, it is not universal, and we have survived much of it.

The hearings showed—there is no need to repeat the evidence—that public officials who had been greatly honored and who had not been bribed still customarily conducted public business so largely on the basis of private friendship that such a friendship with them was worth a staggering market price. They indicated, though they did not prove, that some officials had used official information as a basis for stock speculation which—apart from the morality of gambling at all—is on a par with using loaded dice against a friend, since whatever money is made by such speculations has to come from some part of the public which has honored and trusted these same officials, and which they were sworn to protect.

It has been shown, too, that officials, and ex-officials in particular, were willing to sell their knowledge of the inner workings of the Government, to be used against the Government. Finally, such officials were found to have been selling, with careful secrecy, their acquaintance with former official associates for the benefit of interests not always beneficial to the country. These men of course were technically practicing law; actually what they practiced was influence.

The Salable State of Mind

THIS revelation of a salable state of mind in so many public men goes deeper and farther than any corruption. Bribery is always restrained, because it may be reached and punished by law, which mere betrayal of trust cannot. Corruption is always sporadic; this is constant. Corruption can affect only a few matters; this is widespread. Corruption still lacks full proof in the Teapot case, but these things are admitted. Worst of all, since they were revealed they have been defended and the men who did them excused by some of the very leaders who have been most outspoken against actual corruption and should be equally vigorous in denouncing these legal betrayals but for an amazing moral blindness due to politics.

Public opinion has been more clear-sighted. It feels, if these leaders do not, that it is a short step from betrayal to corruption, and that, though most men might never take that step, there will always be some who would, either because of weakness or unusual pressure. An atmosphere and a standard which tolerate such betrayals are almost an invitation to the grosser kinds of looting. It is this feeling in the popular mind that has caused the hurricane which so alarms all politicians.

There is a fifth evil, another ancient one, which has been thrown into the spotlight once more by the scandals, if not in the hearings. It is now being demonstrated on many platforms and in many editorial columns, and it will continue to be shown till November—and beyond. It is a willingness, on the part of many public men who would not touch dirty money, to sell the public's interests, justice, friendships, and all for the sake of votes. For the sculduggery of party politics has already seized upon and befuddled every issue raised by the scandals. Its taint is as nasty as the taint of oil, and far more dangerous, though we are bitterly accustomed to it.

Of these five evils, those arising directly out of the oil scandals are already in the way of being cleared up. Lawyers and courts will take care of the actual crime and the leases. Conservation has become a fixed and accepted policy for both parties, and no politician will ignore or violate it—till the public sleeps again.

But oil is only a part, and rather a small part, of the whole mess which has made good men welcome the explosion. There are signs that attention will presently be turned to other parts of it, but the Veterans' Bureau scandals, the war frauds, the prohibition enforcement cases, and the rest all drag. If half the rumors around Washington are ten per cent true, there are other evils equally serious which are not yet uncovered. The oil scandal, so far, seems to have done little to stimulate action on them.

Far more important, there is not yet any general acceptance among public men of higher standards of official morality, or even of the need for any higher standard than avoidance of actual corruption. Incompetence finds high defenders until it becomes too gross or too much in the limelight. The technically legal use of office or former office for personal profit also finds plenty of defense. In spite of this, there probably will be an actually higher standard, since politicians will not wish to run the gauntlet or stand the mauling that McAdoo must, even if he wins through. The public will for a while be more wary and the politicians more cautious. But this is not enough. So long as men of high standing publicly defend low standards there can be no improvement either very great or permanent.

Finally, there is no sign at all of any willingness by politicians to consider that there is even a taint in the practice of pandering to the worst elements of voters and squandering public money and betraying every other public interest for the sake of political success. Yet it will be by the improvement we can make in our standards of official and political morality that the ultimate value of the oil exposures will have to be measured, rather than in punishing a handful of scoundrels or recovering a part of the loot. The politicians as a whole have quite clearly evaded the duty of undertaking this improvement and thrown that burden back on the country. It is the rest of us who will have to show how well the alarm clock worked.

Washington, February 23, 1924.

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Sherril Schell Photo

A Mexican Public School Library

Education in Mexico

By EDWARD CORSI

OF the fifteen million people who compose the Mexican Republic ten million are illiterate; the other five million have had the benefits of an antiquated sectarian system intended mainly for *clerigos* and *rabulas*. Mexico's paramount problem is education.

In Mexico City I arranged an interview with Señor José Vasconcelos, a revolutionary idealist in whose hands lies the task of solving this perplexing problem. As I entered the splendid building of the Department of Public Instruction, Diego Rivera, the primitive artist, was busy on the walls of the spacious outer courtyard. His massive, somewhat distorted *nino-hombres*, the sort of *hombres* often found on the front covers of our radical magazines, aroused my curiosity.

"What is this all about?" I asked a stander-by.

"The spirit of the Revolution in colors," he replied in a rather sarcastic tone.

All over the country conservative pedagogues, to whom the Revolution is at best a tragic comedy quite beyond their understanding, ask the same question, "What is it all about?" The *arte estridente* of Diego Rivera and the revolutionary educational programme of the Obregon Government, spiritually one and the same thing, are the subject, not only of intense curiosity, but of unsparing criticism.

Be that as it may, the statesmen of the Revolution have gone further in the matter of education, a hundred times further, than any government in the whole history of that country. When Obregon came to power, and with him Señor José Vasconcelos, Mexico had no schools and no school system worth speaking of. The redeemers of the Mexican proletariat, in their anxiety to destroy the autocracy of Don Porfirio Diaz, had destroyed with it all that smacked of education, even compelling the Church schools to close their doors. The Government had to build anew, and it began by creating a Federal Department of Public Instruction, which, with the aid of the Faculty of the National University, formulated the programme now in the course of execution.

Before entering into the nature of that programme let us consider the ideal behind it. Education in the days of Diaz was in the hands of a group of men—the Cientificos—who worshiped at the shrine of material progress. These Cientificos regarded the Indian, and even the majority of mestizos, much as our slave-owners regarded the Negro—an inferior being, incapable of uplift, created for the sole purpose of serving the white man. They lavished millions on higher education for the few, but hardly considered the education of the many. "The masses need bread, not knowledge," they argued. The manner in which they frowned on popular education proves how thoroughly they believed in what they preached.

The statesmen of the Revolution, on the other hand, repudiate the epithet of inferior as applied to the Indian. They believe that a race which was capable of producing the famous Maya and Aztec civilizations cannot be deemed incapable of betterment. "Give it equal economic and social opportunity," they say, "and it will in time come to its own." Hence the basis of their educational programme is predicated on a "better distribution of property and the products of labor." Mexico is now undergoing a process of Indianization, a reversion to type, and the Department of Public Instruction is contributing strongly to this process. The ideal is unquestionably nationalistic, if not racial.

The programme of the National University, and now the programme of the Obregon Government, has in it all the faults that might be expected of any programme drawn up by theorists summoned to the solution of a very practical problem. On the other hand, it has its virtues.

"We are endeavoring," says Señor Vasconcelos, "to have the masses share that general culture which was until recently the privilege of the few." The Department of Public Instruction is divided into three sections—schools, libraries, fine arts—each operating independently of the others. The results speak for themselves.

There are at present 1,044,209 children

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attending 12,206 primary institutions throughout the Republic. In the Federal District, which comes under the direct control of the Federal Government and includes Mexico City, the public schools are attended by 171,657 pupils as compared to less than 90,000 in former years. The number of teachers in Government employ is approximately 28,000. Two thousand new schools are in the course of construction. When completed, they will accommodate 150,000 children. This does not include what the various States are doing independently of the Federal Government. "There has been an increase of forty per cent in attendance this year in all parts of the country, with an increase in efficiency that is truly remarkable."

The library and fine arts sections are radical departures from anything Mexico has heretofore undertaken. A *biblioteca ambulante*, containing the works of such authors as Shaw, Ibsen, Rolland, Whitman, and Tagore, intended for workers, and often carried on muleback from pueblo to pueblo, is indeed a radical departure. There are no less than 1,300 of these circulating libraries now in use. When it was pointed out that the classics were not intended for men who can hardly read their own names, the Department included thousands of simple readers and texts on the useful arts. Señor Vasconcelos is a firm believer in the value of libraries. "A good library may often take the place of the school," he says.

Music, drawing, painting, sculpture, and æsthetic dancing are part of every school curriculum. Artists and musicians of note have been employed for this work. "In this way we cultivate and develop the artistic and literary temperament of the Mexican. It is well known that in certain regions, such as Jalisco, Michoacan, and Zacatecas, there are musicians and poets who, without any training and as the result of mere inspiration, produce and sing songs of high merit. Our aim is to develop these qualities." Public concerts, exhibitions, and entertainments are frequently given by this section, whose activities are not by any means limited to the schoolroom. Educators denounce the efforts of this section as "futile and visionary," but the reply is that they meet with public favor.

The Department boasts of many "features," all very costly and experimental, such as its Latin-American propaganda bureaus, cultural leagues, periodical foreign missions, editorial divisions turning out tons of printed matter yearly, monthly reviews, and other similar initiatives. The most interesting and valuable of these is what is known as the *Campana Contra el Analfabetismo*. "Missionary" and "honorary" teachers visit remote centers, teaching Indians how to read and write. In Zacatecas, Michoacan, Guerrero, and Yucatan these teachers have done remarkable work. Then there is an *ejercito infantil* of 5,000 youngsters who volunteer to teach illiterate adults. This army is supervised by an efficient staff of *inspectores*. How much has been actually accomplished by these volunteers is difficult to say. However, it is encouraging to know that the Department is at work on this problem of illiteracy.

Señor Jose Vasconcelos
Mexico's Minister of Education

In the way of higher education very little has been achieved. It is not the Department's policy to stress higher education. "Let us teach the poor, for the rich will take care of themselves," is the slogan of the revolutionist. For many years the poor of Mexico will not be prepared for higher education. Perhaps in time the universities and colleges in the Government prospectus will be ready.

The Department of Public Instruction is now spending $25,000,000 annually, as compared to four millions under Diaz, six millions under Madero, and less than three million under Carranza. This seems quite a large expenditure for Mexico, and comparatively it is. But it is far from meeting the situation. New York City, with less than six million people, spends $93,000,000 on its schools, and this is considered to be an inadequate appropriation. The population of Mexico is almost thrice that of New York City and its problem a far more complex one. "To develop a working system," says Señor Vasconcelos, "we need money. That is our handicap."

Lack of money accounts for the miserable condition of Mexico's schools. Children are crowded into dingy, ill-lighted, badly ventilated rooms; teachers are not paid for months; landlords cry out in vain for rents on property used by the Department. It is true that expensive "features" might be sacrificed for more essential needs, and that greater economy might be practiced by bureau chiefs, but this would not produce the many millions needed for a system adequate to the requirements of the country. Mexico's children are paying dearly for the Government's lean purse.

Besides money there is wanting practical, disinterested leadership. In questioning Señor Vasconcelos I mentioned the many criticisms educators are wont to make of the Department and its ideals. It is said that freedom of teaching does not exist; that students are educated along radical, class-conscious lines; and that a vigorous anti-Catholic policy is pursued. He denied flatly these accusations.

"It is quite untrue," he said, "that doctrines of any special kind are forced upon the pupils or the teachers in the schools of Mexico, where the most absolute freedom is insisted upon. Of course in matters of religion it is otherwise. The law for sixty years has forbidden religious teaching. However, no anti-religious propaganda is permitted. It has been the tradition with us that science, for instance, should be taught liberally. In the classes of political economy we follow a system of mere information along broad lines. Nothing is concealed from the pupil. Capitalism and Socialism have an equal chance."

When I repeated this statement to a famous Mexican publicist, he said: "All Mexico knows that what Señor Vasconcelos says is not true. The Department of Public Instruction is deliberately leading the masses into Socialism and anti-Catholicism. It is acting within the spirit of a constitution (the Queretaro Constitution) which was enacted with the intention of abolishing Catholicism. In this country Catholics may not teach religion even in private schools, but the Government may teach Socialism and Communism whenever and wherever it pleases." I might mention here that Señor Vasconcelos and many of his colleagues are avowed Socialists. They cannot dissociate the question of education from that of agrarian and economic reform.

The spirit of the Revolution pervades the whole programme of the Department of Public Instruction. Imbued with a desire to transform the world about them overnight, as it were, Señor Vasconcelos and his co-workers simply cannot see that their task is practical in its nature. The need is for schools, well-trained teachers, efficient supervision, and not "features." In time this will dawn on Mexico's rulers. It is well to be optimistic.

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The Book Table

A Land of Innocent Lizards

By Edmund Lester Pearson

ONE day last March the author of this book[1] stepped overboard from a motor boat and waded ashore on Indefatigable, one of the islands of the Galápagos group. "A little duck flew down, paddled and waddled to our very feet, looked up into our faces, and quacked in curiosity and astonishment. I knew it for the fearlessness of the Garden of Eden, the old tales of Cook and Dampier come true again."

Alexander Selkirk, who is associated with these islands, although he lived on Juan Fernandez, is supposed by Cowper to have been horrified by this same characteristic of the animals which charmed William Beebe:

> The beasts that roam over the plain
> My form with indifference see;
> They are so unacquainted with man,
> Their tameness is shocking to me.

The beasts which Mr. Beebe and his party found roaming over the plain were chiefly wild goats and donkeys; the creatures of greater interest were the great marine iguanas (who spend their time on the shore or in the surf), sea-lions, land iguanas, lizards, crabs, tortoises, and birds.

This is a popular history of the expedition on the yacht Noma taken last year for the New York Zoölogical Society. It lasted over two months from New York to New York again, but the members of the party were actually ashore on the Galápagos less than one hundred hours. Their stay was cut short because they had the same difficulty about drinking water which has tormented every voyager to these equatorial islands since the sixteenth century. But into those hundred hours they crowded more strange and fascinating experiences than most of us who stay at home see in our whole lives. Since this account is written by a man who combines the very unusual qualities of the knowledge of the scientist, the sight of the observer, and the peculiar ability of the literary artist, it is a matter of doubt whether any more interesting book will be published in America during this year. It certainly justifies the inquiry, made by more than one person, as to why Americans should devote too much time to reading the works of W. H. Hudson, when they have William Beebe.

It is difficult to write about the book without becoming merely breathless and exclamatory. Beebe cannot be dull, conventional, nor dreary. When his yacht is delayed in starting, and kept for two days in the wintry harbor of New York, he finds something worth observing in the melting ice of the Hudson. He is pungent upon the subject of the egregious William J. Bryan, and upon the intelligent Volstead Act, which hampers a scientific expedition when it needs grain alcohol for the preservation of specimens. With all his exact knowledge, he has kept what some scientific writers have never possessed: the realization that one of the most charming things about animals is the unconscious humor (if it is always unconscious) which many of them possess. In this extraordinary hunting-ground to which the expedition voyaged, where an owl may light on a man's hat, a lizard four feet long may come up out of the sea and allow itself to be stroked, and where sea-lions are as friendly as house dogs, such a scientist should be happy if anywhere on earth. It was a Boston skipper who referred to the iguanas as "very innocent." And the collectors, hunters, photographers, and artists who made up the party show by their narratives and their pictures (the illustrations are superlatively fine) that the trip was a joyous lark as well as an extremely successful and valuable undertaking.

You will be grateful for this advice: do not fail to read the book. The ancient resident on one of the islands who after one or two whiskies-and-sodas could remember not only Darwin's visit in 1835, but Admiral Porter's in 1813, is a character which a more austere historian might have ignored. This ancient gazed at the two female scientists who belonged to the party with as much astonishment as the zoölogists did at the giant lizards, and was heard to remark, as he departed from the yacht: "Well, I've lived near eighty years and I've read about it, but I never seen a woman in pants before." The astonishing narrative of the shipwrecked sailors on these islands, told by a New York taxi-driver, is an important feature of the book. And Ruth Rose has contributed an excellent chapter upon the discoverers, explorers, and visitors to this forlorn archipelago—a tale of pirates, naval officers, scientists, turtle-hunters, and convicts.

[1] Galápagos: World's End. By William Beebe. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $9.

The New Books

FICTION

CHEAT-THE-BOYS: A Story of the Devonshire Orchards. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

A tragic story set in or near the familiar scenes of the author's novels of Dartmoor. The place and the people are similar to those in his earlier stories of "The Portreeve," "The Secret Woman," "The Three Brothers," and so many others which we remember with pleasure. But we admit with regret, and as the reader and warm admirer of more than twenty of these novels, that "Cheat-the-Boys" by no means measures up to the earlier books. The title is the name of an apple, given as a nickname to the heroine, because the apple "looks so lovely and turns out so sharp."

DONNA LISA. By Wilfranc Hubbard. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

One likes this story of the American and English "colonies" in Rome for several reasons: the character drawing is remarkably good; the author's knowledge of Italians, both those in society and those among the working classes, is close, and he is sympathetic in both directions; the setting and local color both in and out of Rome are admirably rendered; moreover, the dialogue flows easily and has a strong spice of humor. One wishes that there was a more definite central situation or tenseness in the story, but one novel cannot be supreme in all directions, and this one is unusual both in its entertaining and analytical qualities. Its people are pleasant to meet.

MR. FORTUNE'S PRACTICE. By H. C. Bailey. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Detective stories, ingenious in plot, but so *staccato* in style as to be irritating. *Sherlock! thou shouldst be living at this hour, England hath need of thee.*

PARSON'S PROGRESS (THE). By Compton Mackenzie. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

Of "Blood and Sand" it was said by one reader that as a novel it was not especially good, but after reading it one felt that it would never again be necessary to read anything more about bull-fighting. There was nothing left to tell. If one should read the three novels which form a trilogy, of which "The Altar Steps" was the first, "The Parson's Progress" is the second, and a third, yet to come, will be the final volume, one need

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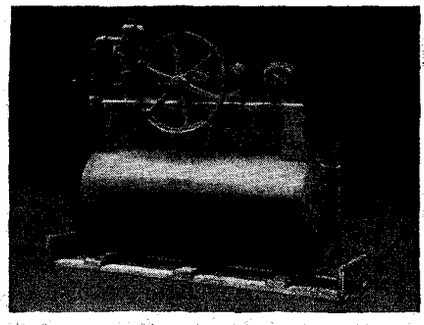
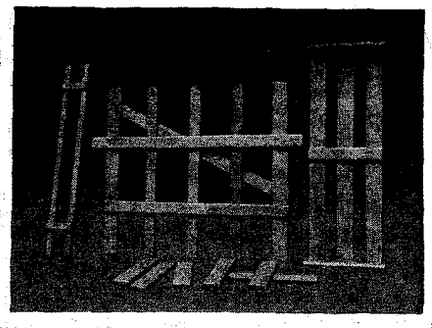
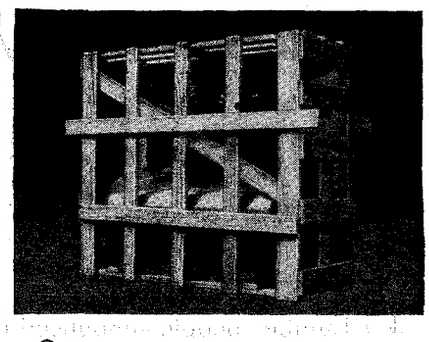
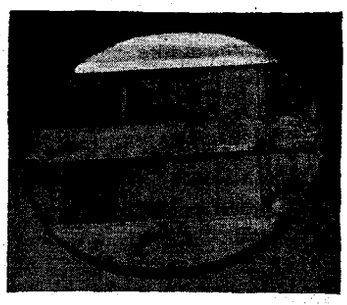
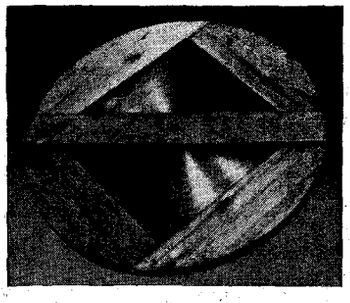
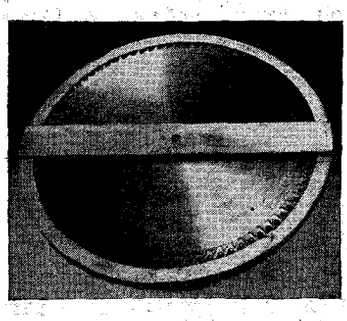
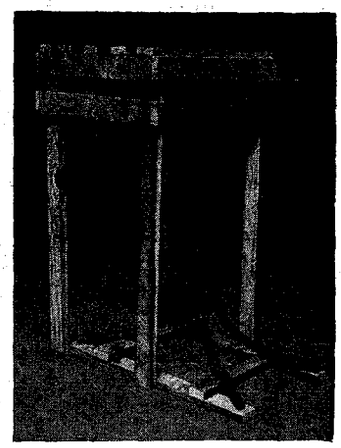




How a Pump Manufacturer Cut His Shipping Costs

Here is an example of the work of one of the Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers for a large pump manufacturer who formerly shipped his pumps completely enclosed in boxes. The picture on the left shows the pump bolted to the bottom section of the crate; in the middle are the top, side and end sections ready for assembly; the completed crate is shown on the right.

The outstanding facts in this particular instance are these: A saving in lumber of 34%, which in itself amounts, in round numbers, to 46 cents on each package; and a saving of 50 pounds in shipping weight, made possible by the use of less lumber of a lighter weight wood. The crate is stronger than the box because of the three-way corner construction, more bracing and better nailing and is assembled over the pump without turning it or handling it in any manner. To box the pump as formerly it had to be turned over three times during the boxing operation.

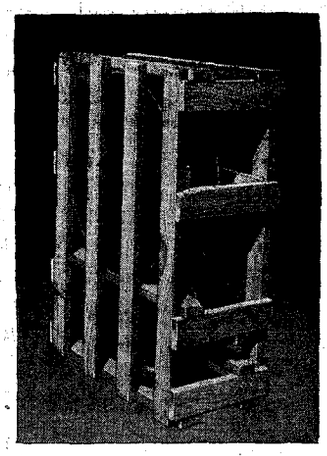




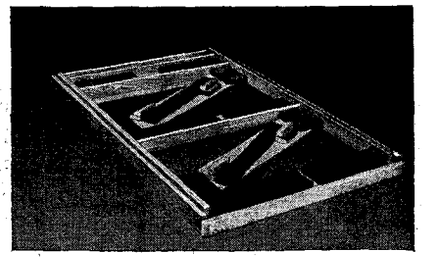
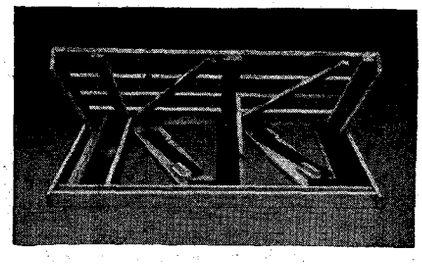
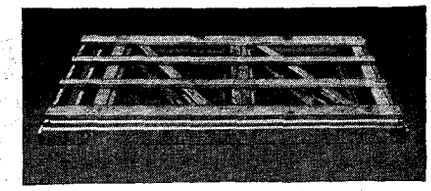


Improved Crate Reduces Freight Rate

Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers frequently uncover unexpected savings. In this instance the crate shown at the right, because of its adequate protection to the contents, entitled the shipper to a one class lower freight rate than he had been obliged to pay on the old crate shown at the left. On the year's volume of L.C.L. shipments a reduction from 1st to 2nd class rate means the saving of a considerable sum.

Other advantages of the new crate are greater strength, a reduction of 13.3 cubic feet in displacement, a saving of 6% in lumber and a saving in labor cost.



Less Lumber—Less Freight

At the top is shown the crate formerly used by a saw manufacturer for circular saws. Below it, in front and back view, the new crate—designed by a Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineer.

Over the entire line of circular saws the new crate effects an average saving in lumber of 33⅓%. Not only that: Circular saws are shipped largely by express or L.C.L. freight and the saving in shipping weight means a handsome saving in freight and express bills.

How Nailing Jigs Insure Standard Crates and Cut Labor Costs

For shipment of standardized articles or equipment, crates can usually be designed for sectional construction and the required sections made up on nailing jigs with a substantial saving in labor cost.

A simple nailing jig is shown above (top left). The lumber is cut to size in the shop. The various individual pieces are then laid into the jig (bottom left) and the complete crate section nailed together. Metal plates under the points at which the lumber is to be nailed (shown black, top left, above) automatically clinch the nails. In the upper, right-hand picture, the crate section is being lifted out of the jig and is shown completed at the lower right.

The point about the use of nailing jigs is that crates thus made are always uniform. The sections always fit. Labor costs, both in the shop and in the packing room, are less. Crates can thus be standardized; the packing operation simplified.

Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers understand the relation of sectional construction and nailing jigs to crating efficiency and labor costs. They not only design and build crates; they follow the whole operation through to include, where necessary, the designing of the jigs as well.

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What the Weyerhaeuser Crating Service Has Done for American Shippers During its 21 Months of Operation

LESS than two years ago the Weyerhaeuser Lumber people announced to the American Manufacturer a service in Better Crating.

The response was immediate.

Shippers saw in it the road to lower packing costs, less damage to goods in transit—better relations with their customers.

Railroad men recognized its influence in reducing the number of claims on damaged goods, a large item, by the way, in determining transportation costs and rates.

To the public it meant much needed relief all along the line. More important still it meant another forward step in the practical conservation of our forest resources.

* * *

To date 324 manufacturers have utilized the services of Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers.

These represent 63 different lines of industry.

Taking their experience all along the line, these 324 manufacturers are saving from 18% to 50% in the cost of crating lumber alone.

Five instances of other savings are illustrated and described in this announcement.

The striking thing about this whole matter is that the crating service worked out by the Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers does not involve buying *more* lumber—but *less.*

Not more labor—but *less.*

Not more weight—but *less.*

Not more space in the car—but *less.*

Not more costly lumber—but often *cheaper* kinds.

All this is merely an example of how the expert lumber knowledge of a great lumber producing organization is today being personally applied to the individual needs of the industrial lumber user.

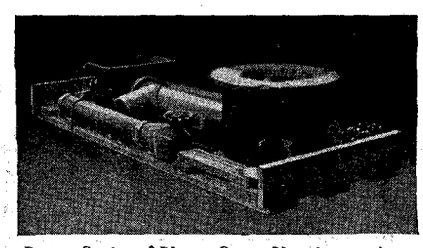
In the future you will find the Weyerhaeuser Organization taking more and more responsibility for the benefit of its industrial clients.

* * *

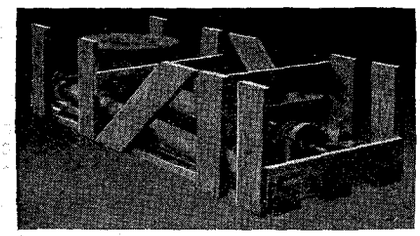
Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are available for appointment with industrial concerns during 1924 without cost or obligation.

A booklet, "Better Crating," outlining further the principles of crate construction, will be sent free upon request.

Internal Blocking Important Secret of Crate Efficiency



Bottom Section of Blower Crate—Note how various items are blocked and strapped in place.



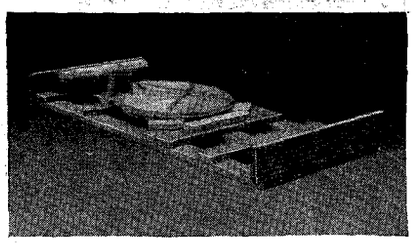
Third Step in Crating Blower—Side slats, diagonals and cross braces nailed in place.

The blower crate here shown illustrates the point that a large part of the success in crating many products lies in the internal blocking — that is, in the provision made to hold the contents securely in place within the crate. The crate, in this instance, is made up in sections in the carpenter shop. Much of the blocking is built into the top and bottom sections before they go to the packing room.

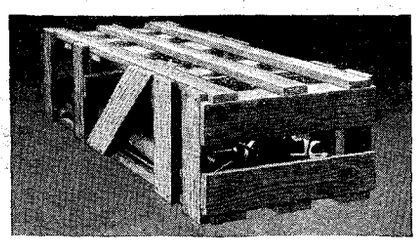
This simplifies the packing operation. The packer can do his work easily because he can strap most of the parts in place before the ends and sides are nailed on. In the old crate all of the material had to be packed from the top of the crate, making a difficult operation because the sides and ends were in the way.

Here is an example of efficient packing at lower labor cost, and at a saving of 22.5% in lumber and 7 cubic feet in displacement over the crate formerly used.

Weyerhaeuser Crating Service is always personal to the individual requirements of the job at hand.



Top Section of Same Crate—Blocks and straps prevent movement within the crate.



The Completed Crate—Saves 22.5% in lumber and 7 cubic feet in displacement.

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never again read anything about the higher and more ritualistic circles of the Anglican Church. The progress of the young clergyman through these three books furnishes but mild diversion, but it squeezes dry the orange of this ecclesiastical subject. We looked with affection upon Mr. Mackenzie when he was dealing with the more profane character of "Sylvia Scarlet." That lively young person, dancing a gay tango through the theaters and music halls of fourteen countries, was altogether a more charming figure than all the pale curates of "The Parson's Progress" and its preceding volume. This has occasional humorous moments; it presents a "soul-struggle" for those who care for that kind of thing. But it is painfully serious and often dull.

WATER CARRIER (THE). By J. Allan Dunn. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

The water supply problem of a great Californian city (San Francisco, thinly disguised as "Golden") and the skill and ingenuity of a hero-engineer in solving the question and in making himself a water carrier *par excellence* form the core of this story. At times one gets too much detailed information about "dowsers," natural gravel filters, and the like; but this is balanced by a pretty love story and somewhat too melodramatic villainy.

DRAMA

OUTWARD BOUND. By Sutton Vane. Boni & Liveright, New York. $1.75.

A play now running in New York, and generally greeted as one of the best of a season of good plays. The scene is apparently the smoking-room of an ocean steamer. The passengers are a strange assortment: a pair of vague young lovers, a drunkard, a pompous female snob, a clergyman, a charwoman, and a millionaire M.P.—another pompous snob. They are all curiously in the dark as to their destination. It is a satirical comedy, with a note of poignant tragedy; withal, an amusing play, but one for thoughtful people. The audience give close attention, and do not applaud much; this is perhaps the sincerest compliment. See it if you can; read it if you cannot. It has few faults; the dialogue is compact, with hardly a word which needs to be changed. One novel feature: the two clergymen are sympathetically treated and are not ridiculed.

POETRY

CHERRY-STONES. By Eden Phillpotts. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Mr. Phillpotts's "Cherry-Stones" are short poems, mostly grim. Life is rather gloomy to these English poets of the southern counties: Hardy, Phillpotts, and—if Shropshire might be counted as southern—A. E. Housman. Here are two of the less melancholy of his epigrams in verse:

FELINE ANYWAY

"Life's a cat with nine sharp tails:"
Loud laments the man who fails.
"Life's a cat with nine good lives,"
Answers him the man who thrives.
Good or ill their fate may be,
Life's a cat, they both agree;
Let what fortune haunt the house,
Life's a cat and man's a mouse.

THE SAND GLASS

We've drifted on the face sublime
Of Ethiop deserts since the prime,
And laughed at space and flouted time.

We've felt a royal Pharaoh's shoon;
We've flown upon the black simoon
To hide the fiery sun at noon.

Grains of red Afric dust are we,
And our mysterious destiny:
To time the egg Jane boils for tea.

COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (THE). Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

All of Stevenson's poetry in one volume. Added to "A Child's Garden," "Underwoods," "In Scots," "Songs of Travel," and "Ballads" are over two hundred new poems, mostly short, and unpublished during his life. Most of them, so far as we know, have been unpublished until the appearance of this book. They are an interesting collection; serious, playful, trivial sometimes, but all worth reading. Sometimes we look into Stevenson's workshop, and see him lying in bed and amusing himself with verse-making. He begins the second stanza of one unfinished poem with the line:

One hour, one moment, and that light
forever,

and then he drops it, with a twinkle, and merely writes on the sheet:

Quite so.
Jes' so.

He writes a rollicking song, "The Fine Pacific Islands," beginning:

The jolly English Yellowboy
Is a 'ansome coin when new,
The Yankee Double-eagle
Is large enough for two.
O, these may do for seaport towns,
For cities these may do;
But the dibbs that takes the Hislands
Are the dollars of Peru:
O, the fine Pacific Hislands,
O, the dollars of Peru!

He concludes "Praise and Prayer" with this:

And now, when from an unknown
shore
I dare an unknown wave,
God, who has helped me heretofore,
O help me wi' the lave!

This use of that final word "lave" (*i. e.*, in Scots, the rest, or the remainder) recalls the brilliant interpretation put upon it by the director or scenario writer of a moving picture made from Stevenson's poem "The Vagabond," which has been shown recently. In the beginning of the picture a ragged vagabond or tramp was shown waking from a night's sleep in a a haymow, near a farmhouse. The opening lines of the poem are:

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me.

Now the person charged with putting this into pictorial form was probably one of those personages whose services, we are told, are rewarded by such princely sums: He, or she, had that little learning which is often discoverable in the makers of movies. "Lave," there was no doubt about that—it is a verb meaning "to wash." So the tramp is shown turning away with a smile of contempt, as the farm-hands come out and go through their ablutions at the pump in the door-yard. Surely there is nothing like book-learning, as it is understood at Hollywood.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

AMERICAN JUDGE (THE). By Andrew Alexander Bruce. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

The author, a professor of law, was formerly Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Dakota. To him there is no more influential official than the American judge, yet none who is politically more helpless. He discusses the questioned democracy of the courts, the elective and appointive judiciary, and the needed reforms.

AMERICAN PROBLEMS. By William E. Borah. Edited by Horace Green. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

Whatever else may be said or thought about Senator Borah, it is indisputable that he is, as his publishers declare, one of the outstanding figures in American life to-day. Here we have a score or more of his speeches and addresses (or extracts therefrom) on a wide range of subjects, from "Why Has Hamilton No Statue?" (it seems he now has *one*—and it is really surprising if it is true that he has only one) and such patriotic generalizations as "Idealism" and "Americanism" up to elaborate arguments on the recognition of Russia, the League of Nations, and immigration. One would rather hear the Senator speak than read his speeches, but the book is undoubtedly a storehouse of material for those debaters who happen to agree with Mr. Borah.

PERSONAL RELATION IN INDUSTRY (THE). By John D. Rockefeller, Jr. Boni & Liveright, New York. $1.75.

Five or six addresses upon the subject of capital and labor. The text is that the business man must think in terms of the laboring man, and the laborer in terms of the business man; each must

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strive to imagine himself in the other's place.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

BRONTË MOORS AND VILLAGES; FROM THORNTON TO HAWORTH. By Elizabeth Southwart. With 36 Illustrations by T. Mackenzie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $5.

A capital book about the Yorkshire scenes associated with the Brontë sisters. Illustrated beautifully in color and in black and white; not so successfully in drawings upon tint-blocks. The legends and anecdotes of the region are well told; these, and the lonely atmosphere of the moors which is suggested, make a fascinating book.

NEW ENGLAND AND ITS NEIGHBORS. Written and Illustrated by Clifton Johnson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Walks and wayside travels in New England States and in New York and Pennsylvania. A new edition of a book first published in 1902. Illustrated by the author's excellent photographs.

TENDERFOOT IN NEW MEXICO (THE). By R. B. Townsend. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

The author, an Englishman, who died in 1923, went to Colorado in 1869. He has written of his experiences there in "A Tenderfoot in Colorado." There are later adventures in the '70's and '80's in the neighboring State, among the Pueblo Indians, the Penitentes, the hunters and ranchers of the Southwest.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

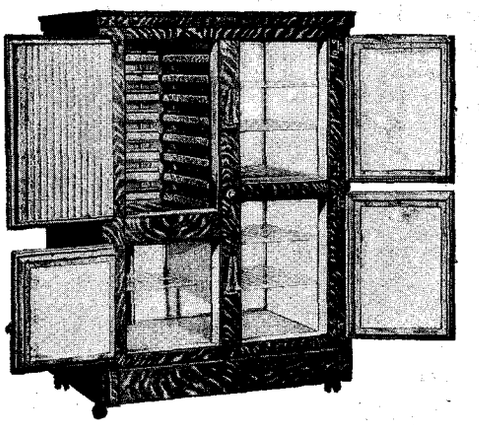
VIRGIN BIRTH (THE). By the Rev. Frederick Palmer. The Macmillan Company, New York. 75c.

Dr. Palmer's main purpose is not controversial but explanatory, and the exposition is both moderate and scholarly. Yet one cannot doubt the author's personal view when one reads the sentence: "Our Lord himself never referred to the manner of his birth; and to erect into an essential of his religion something he never mentioned is to make Christianity more orthodox than Christ." He strongly urges that to make the dogma a touchstone is to brand the normal union of man and woman, part of the pure and lofty sacrament of love, as something unworthy of God. The historical sketch of the growth of the dogma is clear and illuminating, and equally so is the explanation of the thesis that the dogma is unacceptable to many, not because it is not materialistic enough, but because it is not supernatural enough.

SCIENCE

MOVING PICTURES: HOW THEY ARE MADE AND WORKED. By Frederick A. Talbot. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $3.50.

This is a new edition, rewritten, of a work first published in 1912. Of course the moving-picture industry has developed enormously since that date, photography has been improved, novelties have



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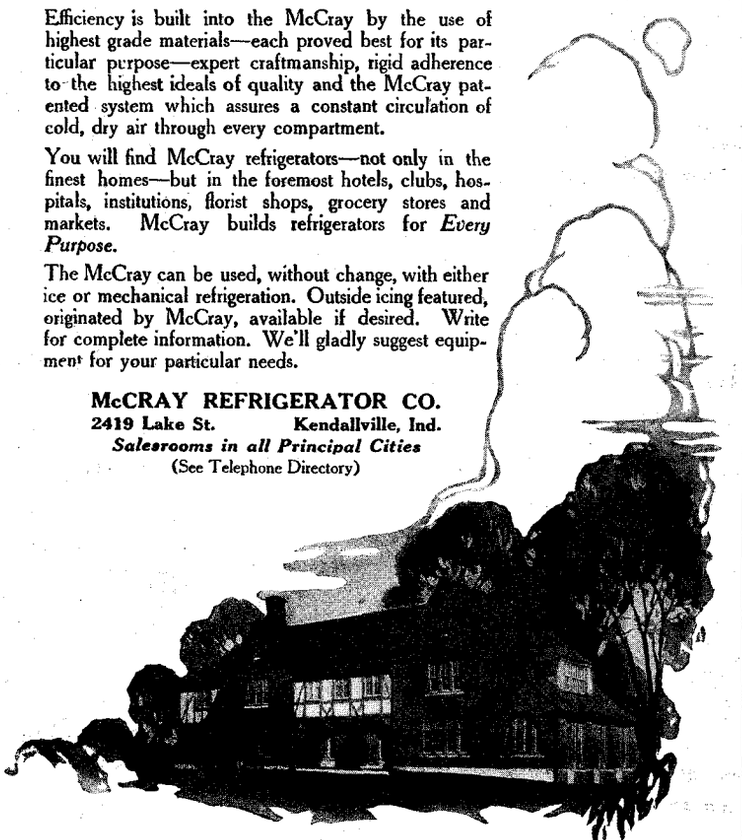

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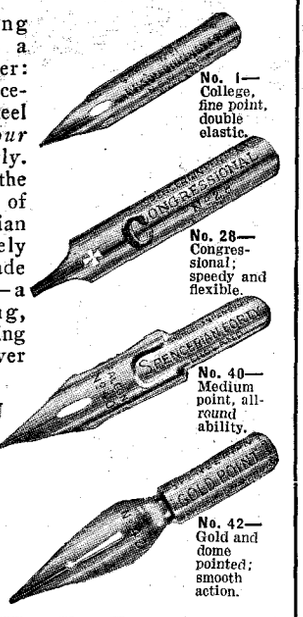

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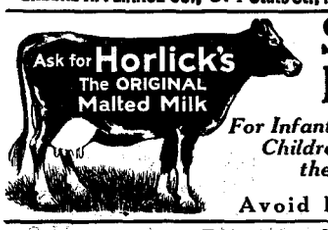

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LIFE: A BOOK FOR ELEMENTARY STUDENTS. By Sir Arthur E. Shipley. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

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A psychological study. The organization of the mind, the sources of pleasure and pain, the emotions, and the intellectual processes form the subjects for some of the ten chapters.

WHAT IS MAN? By J. Arthur Thomson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

Professor Thomson is admirably qualified to write of the conclusions of science as regards the evolution of man, physically and intellectually. He has the rare gift of marshaling and using scientific data without lapsing into unintelligibility to the man of active interest but without technical training, even as had his great predecessors Huxley and Darwin. He treats here, not merely the origin of primitive man and his relation to the primates—his pedigree, in short—but the more fascinating subjects of the evolution of his mind, his development as a social person, his behavior and conduct, and his possibilities as to future growth. Best of all, perhaps, is his final chapter, "What Is Man Not?" In this he boldly but confidently defends the belief that, "in spite of blind alleys, in spite of retrogression, in spite of lost races, life has been on the whole creeping upward." He also points out that the trend of evolution has been on the whole "towards integration, towards increasing fullness, freedom, and fitness of life," and one does not hesitate to guess his answer to his question, "Will it stop?" nor to recognize his quiet faith in the immensity of future human progress.

MISCELLANEOUS

ROMANCE OF SORCERY (THE). By Sax Rohmer. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

Sorcery, necromancy, witchcraft—all these are either serious subjects or else

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delightful ones. They are to be approached in most scholarly fashion, to be discussed as one enters the state of matrimony, soberly and reverently. Or else they are pure fun. It seems to us that the author of this book tries a middle course, and fails to achieve. It is a treatise with some show of learning, but it is too sketchy. It aims at popularity, but its smattering of learning gets in the way. The book does give, however, in brief form some history of the great sorcerers and necromancers who have intimidated or imposed upon mankind.

Books Received

MISCELLANEOUS

ADJUSTING IMMIGRANT AND INDUSTRY. By William M. Leiserson. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

COAL'S WORST YEAR. By Helen S. Wright. The Gorham Press, Boston.

DRINK IN 1914–1922. By Arthur Shadwell. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $3.50.

SECRET OF THE NEAR EAST. By George M. Lamsa. The Ideal Press, Philadelphia.

SOME ASPECTS OF ITALIAN IMMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES. By Antonio Stella. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

SUNLIGHT AND HEALTH. By C. W. Saleeby. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

BRAINS, DOLLARS, AND PROGRESS. By Elton Raymond Shaw. The Shaw Publishing Company, Berwyn, Ill. 75c.

CONQUEST OF THE SOUTHWEST (THE). By Elton Raymond Shaw. The Shaw Publishing Company, Berwyn, Ill. $1.50.

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PHILOSOPHY AND PSYCHOLOGY OF HUMAN Relations, $1.45. Wells' Outline of History, $4. Emily Post's Etiquette, $3. Other bargains. Send for catalogs. ARGUS BOOK SHOP, 434 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS-OUT-OF-PRINT SEARCHED FOR AND reported gratuitously. HAUNTED BOOKSHOP, 4 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GRAMMARS & DICTIONARIES OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES. Name languages in which you are interested. BENJ. F. GRAVELY, Box 209, Martinsville, Va.

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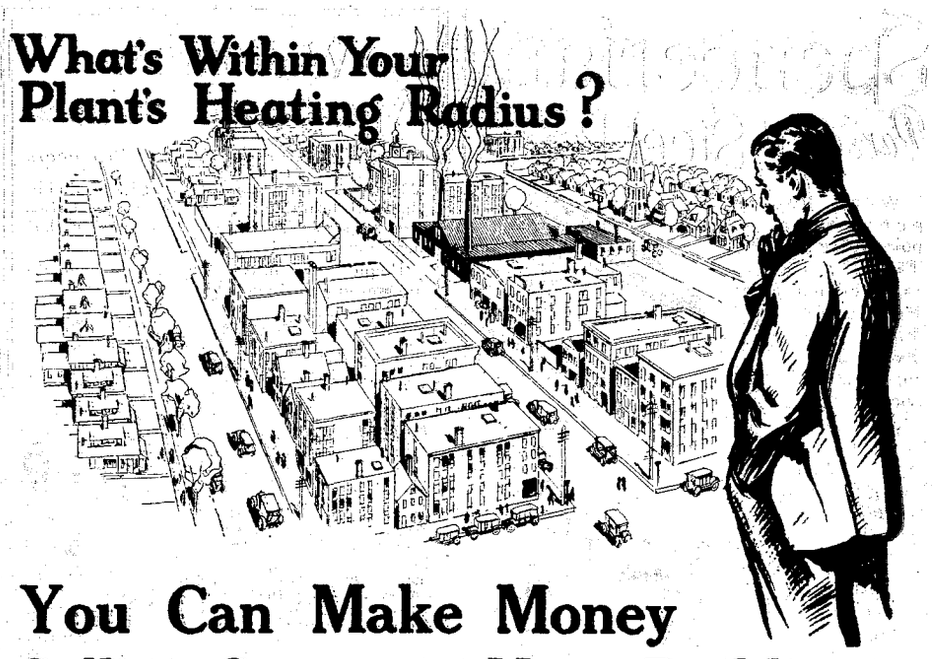

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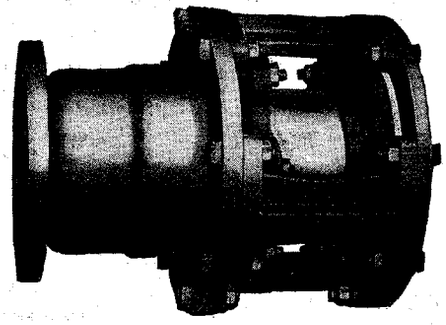

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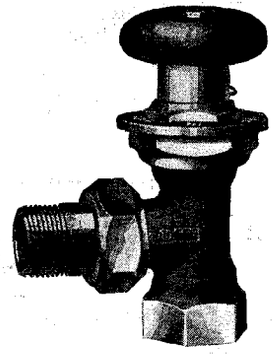

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By the Way

APROPOS of the conundrum quoted in this column February 20, beginning "I am a noun of plural number," a subscriber writes that the answer is "cares—caress," and says that the tradition is that more than a hundred years ago the conundrum was propounded to the British Parliament by a member who promised to give his landed estate to the fellow-member who should solve it before the end of the day's session. It was not solved—perhaps because no Member of Parliament was as ingenious as our correspondent, who says that as a boy he solved it in this way: He took a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and went through it, beginning at A, word by word, till Care was reached and the solution found.

Many other subscribers sent in the correct answer to the above-mentioned conundrum. One of them informs us that the author of the conundrum was actually a Member of Parliament—George Canning, who apparently amused himself by these trifles, as well as by writing humorous poems such as the well-known verses entitled "The Needy Knife-Grinder." We are also indebted to this correspondent for copies of two other conundrums of the same character. We may divulge the answers later:

There is a word in number plural,
Whose character, unique and dual,
  Sets grammar at defiance;—
If it to singular we'd change
We add an "s." 'Tis also strange
  That, by the same appliance,
What first was masculine we make
The feminine gender now to take.

I'm not a fruit, but this I'll say;
  A lemon that is juiceless
I'm like in one particular,—
  I'm altogether useless.
Another point: I end in "s."
  Remove this final letter,
'Tis singular I'm plural now,
  And useful, which is better.

From the Denver "Parrakeet:"

Teacher—"Do you know what the little mouse does?"

Johnny—"Naw."

"That's right."

"Some years ago I got tired of working," a contributor to the "Rural New Yorker" says, "and made up my mind that as soon as I was able I would stop all work and have a good time. So, when the time came I sold out my farm and started in to enjoy life. I am deaf, however, and I find that idleness is anything but enjoyment for a man with my trouble. I have often wished myself back on my hill farm with a mortgage over me, so that I should be obliged to work, and plan, and put my mind on the job, for that is the only thing that I know of to give a man satisfaction after he has worked all his life."

The "Rural's" editor observes wisely: "This man got it right, not only for deaf people but for those who can hear a pin drop. A good healthy job that will interest the mind and keep it busy is the best thing that any one can have."

From the Hartford "Times," as quoted by the "Journal" of the American Medical Association:

Thomas F. Cooney, of Suffield Street, was painfully injured at the Dexter paper mill, Monday, while operating a power saw. A piece of wood thrown towards him by the saw penetrated his right liver.

What are the six most important words in the language? A correspondent of the New York "Herald" says that a college faculty selected these: Loyalty, courage, sportsmanship, self-respect, humor, and truth. He objects to the first two words because "evildoers can be loyal and barbarians can be courageous," and suggests these: Virtue, co-operation, love, justice, liberty, and truth.

From "Life:"

"Why do you say she has the hardest heart of any girl you've ever known?"

"Because it took a diamond to make any impression on it."

A large moving-picture concern announces that it is no longer in the market for scenarios by amateurs. It received and read four thousand of these efforts last year without finding one that repaid the time expended. It now proposes to return all such manuscripts without reading them. This announcement emphasizes the fact that the writing of scenarios is a specialized business requiring professional knowledge as well as a stock of general ideas. No doubt the plays produced are often poor enough, but at least they have the advantage of exhibiting technical skill which the average amateur cannot duplicate in his efforts.

A Correction

Through a mental aberration, to which even editors are occasionally subject, the experiments with embryo chicken tissues which were carried on by Dr. Carrel, were attributed in last week's Outlook to Dr. Loeb. The error was discovered while the issue was on the press, but too late for correction.

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